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Henry Lascelles studies his A B C

HENRY LASCELLES, who was born in 1953, is here with his parents the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Lascelles at their charming London home in Albion Mews, Lancaster Gate. Mr. Lascelles, who is a first cousin of the Queen, is, like his brother, the Earl of Harewood, deeply interested in music, in this case classical and modern jazz. The Hon. Mrs. Lascelles shares her husband's interests, especially that of motor racing of which they are both keen followers



Godfrey Cake

BENEATH the famous Wylie painting of the Battle of Quiberon Bay, fought in 1759, in which the first Lord Hawke defeated the French and gave Britain mastery of the seas, are the children of the present and ninth baron. They are (back) Rowena, Prunella, Caroline who will be a *débutante* this year, and Cecilia, while seated on the floor are Lavinia aged nine and Annabel, fourteen. Their home is at Faygate Place in Sussex. Caroline, who will be eighteen next month, is having a dance given for her in London in June and she will be presented in July

Six charming sisters
*whose father is a lord-
in-waiting to the Queen*

A PORTRAIT IN PASTEL

MRS. T. L. PALMERS, wife of the Nicaraguan Hon. Consul, was born in Vienna and for some time studied art in Munich. She is a keen skier, golfer and rider and enjoys a game of tennis. They have lived in London for many years and have a daughter, Evelyn Elizabeth, aged seventeen, who is now at a finishing school in Surrey. This charming portrait was completed last year by Mr. Joseph Oppenheimer, a member of the Society of Portrait Painters



Social Journal

Jennifer

THE BELGIAN CLUB PARTY

THE Marquise du Parc-Locmaria, wife of the Belgian Ambassador, and the Ladies' Committee of the Anglo-Belgian Union organized a very good dance at the Belgian Club in Belgrave Square recently. The leading spirit of the committee was Mrs. Charles Villiers, the Belgian-born wife of Mr. Charles Villiers, who before her marriage was the Comtesse José de la Barre.

Others who worked especially hard to make it a success were Mrs. Marsden-Smedley, just recovered from the prevalent influenza, Mrs. Peter Whitwell, who did the exceptionally clever décor in the ballroom, which included large panels of coloured cloth on which appeared harlequins and other figures holding

bunches of real balloons, Mme. de Bassompierre, wife of the First Secretary at the Belgian Embassy, and Mme. Cools, wife of the Commercial Attaché, who arranged all the beautiful flowers.

There was a delicious buffet in the big downstairs dining-room, all home-made Belgian specialities produced by the club's chef. Guests, who danced in the L-shaped ballroom on the first floor, included Lord Wakehurst, Governor of Northern Ireland, over on a brief visit, whom I had seen at the Royal Opera House watching the ballet the previous evening, and M. Lebel, Counsellor at the French Embassy, with his lovely wife. The Belgian Ambassador and the Marquise du Parc-Locmaria brought a big party, as did Mr. and Mrs. Peter Whitwell—she was Princess Hélène

de Ligne of Belgium before her marriage. Sitting later in the evening with them were Lady Lyell, Sir Humphrey Clarke, Mrs. Marie-Luise Arnold, Major and Mrs. Floor and Major Basil Fordham.

I saw Señor Zavala of the Spanish Embassy listening to the cabaret, Col. and Mrs. Bill Murray-Lawes, who came with the ambassador's party, and Commandant Cuissart de Grelle, Military Attaché at the Belgian Embassy, and his attractive wife. Mrs. Charles Villiers, dressed in white satin with touches of red, was also there with her husband. Others included Vicomte and Vicomtesse d'Orthez, Mrs. Ghislaine Alexander, Prince George

[Continued overleaf]

Continuing The Social Journal

A reunion at the Hurlingham Club

Bibesco talking to Mr. Bobby Craigie and Miss Guinness, Lord and Lady Dormer, Mr. Edward Behn and his lovely Italian-born wife, and the Hon. Morys and Mrs. Bruce, the latter wearing an exceptionally pretty dress of nut brown lace over white satin.

Pictures of the event are on page 149.

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ADMIRAL SIR GEOFFREY OLIVER, Commander-in-Chief the Nore, accompanied by Lady Oliver and Admiral Sir Harold Burrough, C.-in-C. the Nore 1946-48, were the guests of honour at a reunion of men and women of the Royal Naval Mine Watching Service which took place at Hurlingham Club. They were received on arrival by the Port Mine Watching Service officer, London, Capt. Taprell Dorling, and Mrs. Dorling. After tea, which was enjoyed in the ballroom where floodlit Blue Ensigns of the R.N.M.W.S. and badges decorated the dais, Capt. Dorling read a loyal message sent to the Queen and Her Majesty's reply. Then followed a short speech by the C.-in-C.

This was the first reunion of London Mine Watchers since their service was established three years ago. It is a civilian service operated and administered by the Royal Navy, and has a strength of more than four thousand men and women volunteers all over the United Kingdom. Six training centres are on the Thames between Mortlake and Greenwich, and another is soon to be established at Kingston-on-Thames. In the last war accurate spotting of parachute mines as they were dropped by enemy aircraft in the approaches to our ports saved many shipping losses.

SPEAKING in the House of Commons in 1952, Sir Winston Churchill welcomed the R.N.M.W.S. which as he pointed out "might well be as valuable to the Royal Navy and to the life of the island as our sailors afloat." Men and women wishing to join the service must be twenty-six years or over and are expected to attend lectures and demonstrations near their homes. They are provided with uniform free of charge.

Nearly four hundred mine watchers, their relatives and friends attended this reunion, and among the guests were Mr. Charles Norton, chairman of Hurlingham Club, and Mrs. Norton, Sir Charles Petrie with Lady Petrie, who is Mayor of Kensington, Major and Mrs. George Sanford, Major E. G. Bax, Capt. A. M. Coleman of the Port of London Authority, Brig. Norman, Cdr. John Forbes, R.N., and Mrs. Forbes, and Lt.-Cdr. C. L. Sutton, Command Mine Watching Service Officer for the Nore Command, and Mrs. Sutton.

★ ★ ★

CAROLINE NARES, who is nearly fifteen and looked enchanting in a white net dress with a red sash, stood receiving the guests with Davan Adams, who also looked sweet in a pink net dress, and her brother, George Adams at their joint party at the de Vere Hotel near the famous Broad Walk in Kensington Gardens. This party started at eight o'clock and ended promptly at midnight when it was at its height, as every good party should end. Dancing started with a Paul Jones which quickly broke the ice among any young people who might be shy, and during the evening there were such variations as an elimination

dance, which was a tremendous success, and a parcel dance.

After a very good supper, Piper MacLean, of the Scots Guards, came in and played for an eightsome and other Scottish country dances which were greatly enjoyed. As he left he walked around the ballroom and down the corridor playing a slow march which quietly faded into the night, a charming effect which everyone will remember.

An interesting point was the presence of four generations of one family at this party, where otherwise there were very few grown ups. They were Caroline's lovely mother, Mrs. Derek Hague, her grandmother, Mrs. Patrick Crohan, and her great-grandmother, Mrs. Tennyson d'Eyncourt, who thoroughly enjoyed the evening and stayed until the end. The only other adults present were Davan and George's father, Mr. Peter Adams, their aunt, Mrs. Sainsbury, and Mr. Derek Hague. Among the young people dancing were Lady Gloria Flower's daughter, Amanda Fisher, in blue shot silk. She has learnt ballet for some years and dances beautifully. At present she is at school in Switzerland. Ian and Fiona Pilkington and Zara and David Butler Adams, cousins of Davan and George, were there, also Chanda de Bunsen and Mark Tennyson d'Eyncourt, cousins of Caroline. Mark, like David Butler Adams, is at Eton. I also saw Christopher, Nicholas and Anthony Coke, three delightful brothers with perfect manners, Rocky Petre, Caroline and Nia Villiers, Anne and Susan Shafto and the Hon. Joanna Cavendish, who perhaps one could say was the beauty of the evening. Wearing a peacock blue frock, she looked quite lovely and was booked up and dancing non-stop the whole evening.

★ ★ ★

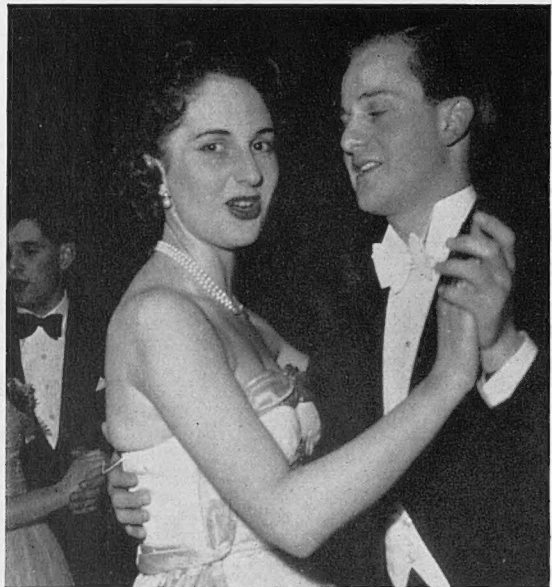
ON the following night there was another good party, but mostly for girls a little older, many of whom will be making their début in 1956. This was Wendy Raphael's little dance at her parents', Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Raphael's, charming house in Sussex Square where there were around ninety guests. Wendy, who wore a turquoise blue lace dress, was a delightful little hostess and had also arranged an elimination dance and other diversions during the evening. A small band played in the drawing-room for dancing, while the morning-room and hall were used for sitting out and a delicious buffet supper was arranged in the dining-room. Wendy's younger sister, Sally, was allowed to stay up for part of the evening and was thoroughly enjoying it all.

Among the young guests were Lady Swinfen's son and daughter, Roderick and Coral Knowles, Zara Harrison, Amanda Fisher and Elizabeth and Dickie Durlacher, whose elder brother Timothy recently had a serious car accident. They are the children of Lady Sheila Durlacher and Mr. Esmond Durlacher. Also present were William Carr, Patrick Pakenham, Duncan MacGowan, Susan Lathom, Robin Duthy, Fiona Fairfax, John Dance, who had come up from his home in Warwickshire, Tommy Brassey, Tessa Milne, Glenna Critchley, who also had a dance down at her parents' home at Sunningdale the previous week, Lady Caroline Giffard, Jane Sykes, Edwina Charrington, Max Neilson and the Hon. Angela Cecil, who is at present finishing in Paris with Mme. Verlet at Les Ambassadrices in Boulevard Berthier, and makes her début in 1956.

I WAS interested to hear that other young girls finishing at Les Ambassadrices, where Mme. Verlet takes a limited number of girls, usually about twelve—which this season include Belgian, Portuguese and Italian students—are Mary-Dawn Illingworth, Anna Massey and Susan Clifford-Turner, who all



AT THE HILARY DANCE, one of the successful subscription dances at the May Fair Hotel, were Miss Shelagh O'Brien, Mr. Neill McCance, Miss Jennifer Clark and Mr. John Pickerton



Mr. David de Yong was dancing with Miss Susan Dennis. The dance is one of a popular series specially arranged for young people



Viscount Colville of Culross was lighting a cigarette for Miss Maureen Lyle Purdy. The dance was sponsored by Elizabeth Countess of Bandon

come out this season, Annabella Drummond and Virginia Llewellyn.

★ ★ ★

LADY DEIRDRE HARE made a really lovely bride when she married Lord Grantley at St. James's, Spanish Place. She was given away by her father, the Earl of Listowel, and wore a dress of white brocade with a long train, and a tulle veil held in place by a shimmering diamond tiara lent by her grandmother Freda Countess of Listowel. Her eleven bridesmaids wore long white marquise dresses, with coronets of white holly leaves in their hair and carried silver and white pochettes to which were fixed a spray of mixed white flowers.

The Countess of Listowel, wearing a large black hat with a maize coloured faille dress, welcomed the guests with the bridegroom's aunt, the Hon. Kay Norton, who wore a little velvet hat with her mink coat, at the reception at Hutchinson House. There were so many guests that a long queue soon stretched not only up the wide staircase from the front door, but also out into Stratford Place, where the wind was Arctic. The bridegroom's sister the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Baring, with Mr. Baring, looked very attractive and gay wearing a red hat with her black coat, and I saw the bride's aunt Lady Elizabeth More O'Ferrall and her husband Mr. Rory More O'Ferrall. Her daughters the Hon. Elizabeth Guinness and the Hon. Henrietta Guinness were among the bridesmaids. Lady Listowel's brother, Mr. de Marffy-Mantuano, was there with his wife.

★ ★ ★

AMONG the guests—many of them young girls who came out with the bride two years ago—were the Hon. Mrs. Ian Balfour and her husband, and Viscountess Lambton (her little daughter Beatrix was a bridesmaid) talking to Lord Wilton who was one of the ushers. The other ushers were Mr. Billy Wallace and the Hon. Robin Warrender, whose wife looked very chic in black with touches of white. I met Lord and Lady Derwent, the latter wearing a striking Elizabethan collar to her dress. They told me that their son, the Hon. Robin Johnstone, is shortly leaving for Paris where he is going to work at the British Embassy.

Lady Windlesham and her daughter the Hon. Marie-Lou Hennessy were talking to the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Hennessy who had her elder daughter Mrs. Timothy Koch de Gooreynd and her schoolboy son Peter Hennessy with her. Mrs. John Ward was greeting friends, also Ann Lady Orr-Lewis who was talking to the Hon. Colin Tennant and Miss Judy Montague. Viscount Ednam had a big group of friends around him, and Lady Edith Foxwell, wearing a mink coat and hat, came to the church with Mrs. Gerald Legge, lovely in a nutria-trimmed geranium-red coat and velvet cap to match. The Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward, looking well after her visit to America, was talking to Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, and I saw Mrs. Harold Huth and her younger daughter, Mrs. Henry Tiarks, with the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior and her daughter Susan who has just announced her engagement to Mr. David Coleridge.

MRS. MORLEY KENNERLY and her daughter Diana were there, also Miss Tessa d'Erlanger who came with Mrs. Sandy Gilmour, a recent bride who wore her own very sensible "going away" ensemble, a deep red velvet coat with little cap to match. Her uncle the Hon. Neville Berry and his wife, who looked very chic in black velvet, were also at the reception

[Continued overleaf]



Swabe

LADY DEIRDRE HARE ON HER WEDDING DAY

THE bride is seen at the home of her mother, the Countess of Listowel, prior to leaving for her wedding at St. James's, Spanish Place. The bridegroom was Lord Grantley, the seventh baron, who succeeded his father last year. Lady Deirdre's dress is of white brocade with a tulle veil held in place by a family tiara

Continuing The Social Journal

An "end of vacation"
dance in Mayfair

where others included Sir William Mabane who was off to Austria a few days later with his wife, the Hon. Katherine Smith, Mrs. Herbert Agar, Lady Annabel Birley, Mr. "Chips" Channon, the Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken, Mrs. Frankie More O'Ferrall, Mr. Cyril Raphael, Mr. Ronald Gurney, the Hon. Peter Ward who was best man, the Austrian Ambassador and Mrs. Wimmer, and the Marquess Camden.

The Earl of Listowel proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom who later left for their honeymoon in Austria.

★ ★ ★

MANY of the young girls and young men who went to the Hilary Subscription Dance at the May Fair Hotel were going back to their universities a few days later. In contrast to the many teenage dances we have seen during the holidays, these subscription dances, of which there are now three annually, are arranged for the older girl who made her début perhaps a year or two ago, and so no longer comes in for the rush of teenage or débutante dances.

Elizabeth Countess of Bandon received the guests and her daughter, Lady Jennifer Bernard, was among the young people dancing. These also included Miss Sonia Clark, pretty in green, Mr. Bobby Craigie, Miss Petronella Elliot, in a midnight blue dress with a cerise velvet ribbon right across the front, Lord Colville, who was going up to Oxford the following day, and the Hon. Hazel Scott-Ellis, in a navy blue tulle dress embroidered in white sequins. She had unfortunately just been involved in a road accident on her way to the dance, when the car of her escort, Mr. David Ashton-Bostock, had been badly damaged. Happily Hazel, who has great charm and is one of the best-mannered young girls in London's social world, escaped serious injury and only had a small cut on her temple.

★ ★ ★

A MOST exotic ball, with really superb prizes, is to take place at the Dorchester Hotel next Monday, January 31, in aid of that very good cause, The National Association and London Union of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. It is to be called the Côte d'Azur Ball, and for it the French Government Tourist Office in London has arranged for Air France to fly up all the fresh flowers for the floral decorations from the South of France, and they are also sending over men to arrange them, as is done so exquisitely for the great French galas. They have also got five good hotels, including the Carlton Hotel at Cannes, to give a week's holiday there for two people free, as prizes. I hear that there is a possibility of the first of these prizewinners also getting return air tickets for two.

Everyone is asked to wear their lightest and gayest dress for this ball, for which Mrs. John Ward is the chairman. Helping her as vice-chairmen are a very live team, Elizabeth Countess of Bandon, Countess Beatty, Mrs. Buchan-Hepburn, Viscountess Duncannon and Mrs. Frankland Moore. M. Remé Trolle has kindly taken on the duties of honorary treasurer and Miss Didi Ward is chairman of the Junior Committee. Tickets are obtainable from Mrs. John Ward, 20A/140 Park Lane, London, W.1.



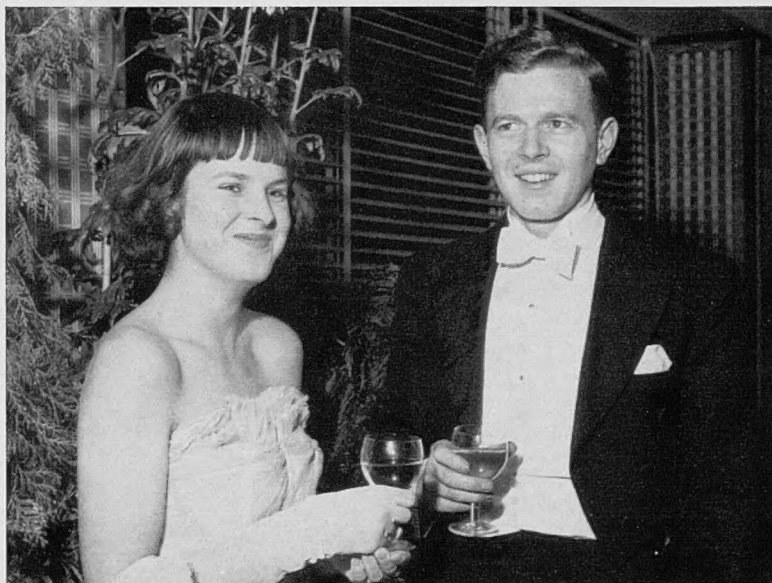
Dr. Herbert, the Bishop of Norwich, with Brig. C. J. Wilkinson, D.S.O., Col. of the Regiment, and Mrs. Wilkinson. They were admiring a silver bugle, one of the pieces of Regimental silver on display



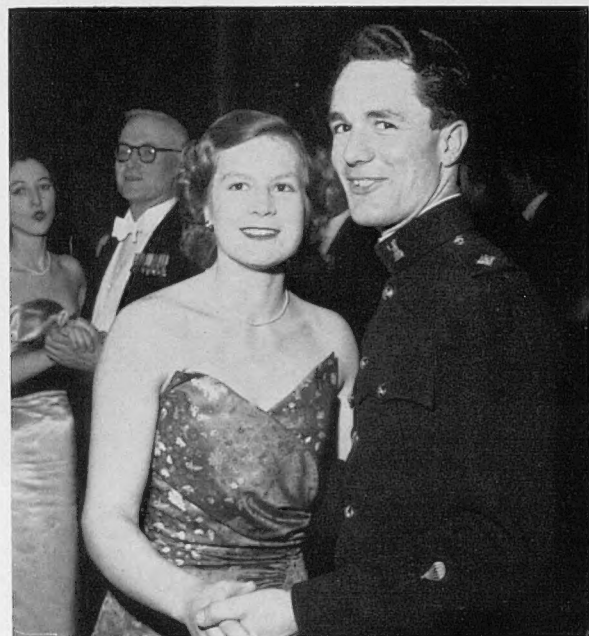
Capt. B. H. C. Emsden, who is Adjutant of the depot of the Royal Norfolk Regiment, at Britannia Barracks, Norwich, was here with Miss Sarah Freeman-Taylor

THE ROYAL NORFOLKS TURN OUT IN MESS KIT

OFFICERS of the Royal Norfolk Regiment held their annual ball in Norwich. This gay and successful evening was made the more colourful since many of the officers were wearing mess kit, which has only just been re-introduced into the Army



Miss Angela Hampton was having a drink with Mr. K. E. C. Emsden. The event took place at the Lido Ballroom in Norwich



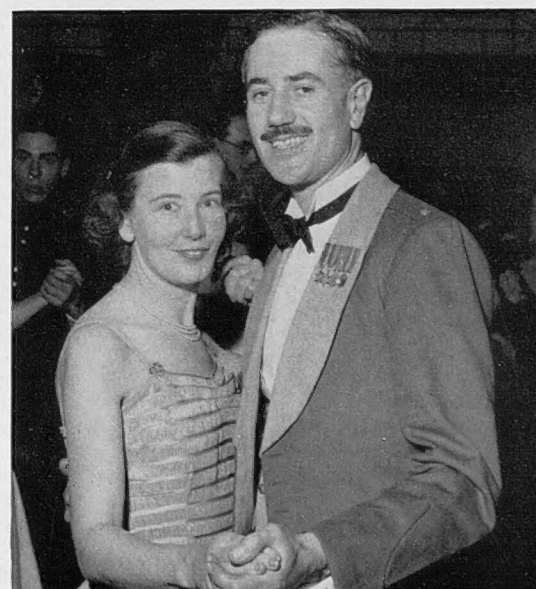
Mr. M. L. Henderson was dancing with Miss Caroline Nisbett. More than four hundred guests attended the ball, which lasted until 3 a.m.



Thoroughly enjoying a waltz were Mr. David Thorne, of the 1st Royal Norfolks, and Miss Tessa Davies. The regiment was raised in 1695



Left: Capt. W. R. A. Oddie was describing the history of some of the regimental silver to his fiancée, Miss Valerie Hall



Desmond O'Neill

Major and Mrs. Anthony Ferrier were dancing together. Major Ferrier, an officer of the Royal Norfolks, is on the staff of the 16th Airborne Division



It appears from this spirited print that the hazards of the sport in 1870 were, by and large, greater than those of the present day

AS the hunting season matures, likely point-to-point winners begin to reveal their form. Contenders will have several testing months before them, starting with the Bullingdon Club and the West Norfolk events, both of which are on February 12

POINT-TO-POINTS HERALD SPRING

• Ralph Greaves •

YOU see that hill over there, with the clump of trees." The Starter points into the distance. "There's a flag out there, which you leave on your right. Then back into this field, over that last fence, and here's the winning post. No one to open a gate, or ride more than a hundred yards along a road. Are you all ready?"

"Yes!" from the man who happened to have his horse pointing in the right direction at that particular moment—and away they went, in their hunting coats and top hats, taking their own line, or following a leader; the man with an eye for a country usually won.

THERE was nothing very spectacular about these performances. They bumped round at hunting pace, and were out of sight for most of the journey. The chief centre of interest was the Farmers' Tent, and the farmers' lunch the most important event of the day. The Hunt was "at home" to those over whose land they had ridden and whose fences they had smashed during the past season. The affair was purely local—the countryman's day out; and the "object of the exercise" was to ensure that the guests returned home in the right frame of mind and with as much load on board as they could carry.

From such humble beginnings the modern point-to-point has gradually evolved. Fences began to be trimmed and generally tidied up; horses had to jump between flags, and began

to go a bit faster. Still it remained a "fair line of hunting country"; fences varied from the formidable to the insignificant, and it was the latter that provided the most falls. Plough and timber were taken as they came. Imagine a flight of post-and-rails in a modern point-to-point course! "Dreadful thought: *vere's the brandy?*"

FOR some time things jogged along quietly and nobody worried. The rules were somewhat sketchy, particularly regarding qualifications of riders. For a long time hunt servants were allowed to ride. The Masters of Foxhounds Association eventually appointed a supervising committee, who drew up a set of regulations, on which, in fact, the present appendix issued by the National Hunt Committee is based. Perhaps the biggest change took place when the ladies, hitherto content to see their horses ridden by their husbands or boy friends, began to clamour for a race for themselves.

Somewhat terrifying they were, too, those early Ladies Races. The jockeyship was more remarkable for its valour than for judgment or discretion. "*I can't bear to watch them,*" an old diehard colonel was once heard to exclaim. "*I just shut my eyes, and pray that it may soon be over.*"

Look at them today! Often enough it's the best race of the meeting—and the fastest. That stone-and-a-half less than the men have to carry makes a deal of difference, and how they do shove 'em along! Out of control? Well . . . perhaps just a little *sometimes*, coming into the first fence, shall we say. But they go



The Ladies Race at a West Kent Hunt point-to-point. The field was taking the first fence



Leaders coming over in style at a Puckeridge Hunt point-to-point near Bishop's Stortford. The race was the Adjacent Hunts

Topham

at a tremendous bat all the way round, and no quarter asked or given. The Ladies Race and the Open are the highlights of every meeting nowadays.

Meanwhile point-to-points themselves were beginning to change in character. "Made" fences were taking the place of natural obstacles; courses were all on grass, and a different type of horse was making his appearance, particularly in the Nomination, or Open Race, where one saw some pretty hot propositions—more apt for 'chasing than as safe conveyances over a cramped hunting country.

RACES were now ridden in colours, and at racing pace. The old, plodding hunter was getting ousted, except from the Members' Race. Point-to-pointing was in fact beginning to approximate to steeplechasing, and was attracting the general public. The National Hunt Committee, guardians of the morals of steeplechasing, and possibly anxious for the welfare of their own fixtures, began to sit up and take notice.

In 1934 they assumed control over the heads of the old Point-to-Point Committee appointed by the Masters of Foxhounds Association, and began to deal direct with that body. There were some heart-burnings at the time, but it has proved for the good of the sport. Regulations were tightened up, and embodied in an Appendix to National Hunt Rules. Weatherby's, acting on behalf of the N.H.C., became the courteous but inflexible arbiters on all matters relating to the conduct of a meeting, their word being law. Their power lay in the fact that anyone taking part in a meeting not sanctioned by the N.H.C., or transgressing in any other way, could be disqualified from either running a horse or riding, not only in point-to-points, but any steeplechase under National Hunt Rules.

Ever since the beginning, horses entered to run in point-to-points have had to have a certificate from a Master of Hounds to the effect that it has been "fairly and regularly hunted during the current season." This is the whole essence of the game, and was taken for granted in the old days. But a new type of owner was now putting in an appearance, one who took little interest in foxhunting, and kept a horse solely for the purpose of winning a point-to-point—ridden by somebody else.

All that could be insisted on was that a horse must be brought out with hounds a certain number of times during the season, in order to qualify. One saw the absurd spectacle of tickets being issued at the meet, to be presented to the secretary for endorsement at two o'clock or later in the afternoon. As a Hunt secretary at that time, I speak with feeling. There were some Masters, however, who declared that these point-to-pointers were a damned nuisance, anyway, always kicking hounds or other horses, and could have all the certificates they wanted if only they'd keep away. Anyway, we got their owners' subscriptions.

NEVERTHELESS, owing to the spectacular improvement in the standard of racing, point-to-point meetings began to enjoy a popularity with the general public hitherto undreamt of; but it was some time before Hunt Race Committees began to do much about it. "Fancy all these people coming to see us!" they said, but still continued to provide courses whose only entrance and exit was one boggy farm road, and were quite surprised at the resulting chaos; while to see anything of the racing one generally had to walk some way "into the country."

All that has changed. Modern point-to-points are now a marvel of organization—

they have to be, to cater for the enormous crowds that have flocked to them since the war. With police co-operation, a carefully worked out scheme of traffic control herds the endless stream of cars on and off the course with the minimum of delay. Cinder tracks down to the enclosures, and squadrons of tractors standing by, will obviate, it is hoped, the chief bugbear of "mud." As to the course itself, it is obviously impracticable to create a "Sandown" or "Lingfield" out of a few hundred acres of agricultural land, but the site has been chosen, as far as possible, to enable the spectators to watch the horses all the way round. Gone forever is that "fair line of hunting country." The public want to see racing; and those beautifully made birch fences, with open ditches, would not disgrace a "park" steeplechase course.

A POINT-TO-POINT is a serious business these days, and seems perhaps to have more connection with steeplechasing than foxhunting. Nevertheless, despite the public invasion, much of the old friendly, informal atmosphere remains. Save for car parking, there is no charge for admission. The Hunt still entertains the farmers; one still meets all one's friends in the paddock—oh, yes, the old colonel is there, his eyes all agog when the girls are riding. And in the Members' Race one may still see the genuine hunter. But the main point is that it is only by the money provided by its point-to-point that a Hunt is able to keep going. Whereas in the old days we sometimes asked ourselves, "Can we afford a point-to-point this season?" there is not a Hunt in England today that could carry on without one.

This is, perhaps, the biggest change of all. It means that foxhunting, the traditional sport of the English countryside, is kept alive. And that, after all, is the ultimate object.

GALA FILM PREMIÈRE

AT the première of the new British comedy, *To Paris With Love*, given at the Plaza in aid of the Queen Elizabeth's Disabled Fund, Mr. Anthony Darnborough was talking to Viscountess Tarbat. Lady Tarbat, who married the present viscount in 1947, was wearing her magnificent necklace, the stones of which originally came from Marie Antoinette's tiara



Desmond O'Neill

Roundabout

—Paul Holt

THE elderly can be cruel to the young, through meaning to be kind.

I went to an hotel in Park Lane, popularly known as The Dorch. Occasion was an appeal dinner and ball given by the British Schools Exploring Society and the company had goodwill in its heart. Plan was to get money to finance more trips by schoolboys between term to the wilder parts of the world, a splendid idea.

There were many schoolboys there, sitting at tables with their fathers and mothers, their sisters and girl friends. It was a gay occasion until the speeches began.

But then the rot set in. The elders patronized the young. It was said that the object was to inculcate a spirit of adventure in the young. The chairman, Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferté, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., talked of restoring in this welfare state "some quality and character in a young person. There is still something that can

be done to create quality, prestige and nobility of character in a young person," he said.

The young persons were listening.

They heard more speeches in the same vein. For a while their manners were too good to allow them to betray their feelings but at the end they were slipping, out of relief, into gales of silent mirth.

ADVENTURE to the young is adventure, not a patriotic exercise, like doing your National Service. It is not character forming—it is fun or nothing. I felt that they helplessly resented being petted and scolded all at once on an evening meant for dancing.

Luckily Dr. Roger Bannister was the guest of the evening and he, being no more than twenty-five, sensed the mood of the meeting.

In his speech he talked with grace and humour and restored the situation.

When he was a boy at school, he said, he had not been judged strong enough for such strenuous explorations; but he had been permitted one.

He had been allowed to go to Worcestershire with some other brats from his school to pick plums during the holidays. Of course when he got there he found that his adventure was to wash dishes, and he didn't pick a plum in a month.

"How ludicrous these little adventures were, come to think of it, yet how valuable. Nowadays, adventure is a little hard to find . . ." he said.

HAVING been restored to some sort of sanity by these cheerful remarks from the good doctor, the boys and girls filled in their contributions to the cause and took to dancing, while the oldsters sat back to their cigars. They did not guess the mistake they had made.

Information: There have been sixteen

schoolboy exploring expeditions to all parts of the world, generally chilly ones. It is the aim of this admirable society to collect £5,000 this year and, eventually, £100,000. If the idea appeals to you, contributions may be sent to the British Schools Exploring Society, c/o Royal Empire Society, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.2.

★ ★ ★

NEWS that two of London's best loved theatres, St. James's and the Stoll, are likely to be pulled down to make way for offices, has created a flurry of woe.

I love the stage, but I would not be sorry to see them *all* go. They are old-fashioned, inconvenient and uncomfortable. Some are almost as bad as the New York theatres. To get down to the stalls can be as hazardous as going down a coal mine, and the eye line from your guinea seat is often defective.

The bars are a stockyard shambles, and smoking in the foyer in the interval reminds me of the hazards of November 5.

One of my great pleasures at a first night (always supposing Miss Beatrice Lillie is not on stage) is to escape through a kind of safety hatch they call an emergency exit to walk for ten precious minutes talking with your critic Mr. Anthony Cookman in the sweet night air.

I wish—oh, how I wish!—all theatres had tiered stalls, ample gangways, huge foyers with seats around the walls, a soft drink bar, double width stairways to make room for those who want to move both up and down and—a pleasant small innovation of my own—changing rooms, so that men, coming straight from their offices, would be able in peace to climb into evening clothes and be there on time to greet their guests.

The only theatre in London remotely approaching this dream today is the Festival Hall.

★ ★ ★

I SEE that No. 11 platoon, 2nd battalion, Durham Light Infantry, B.A.O.R., has invited Lady Jane Vane-Tempest-Stewart, daughter of Lord Londonderry, to be their official pin-up girl, and she has accepted, sending them a photograph of herself.

I think this is a fine trend in modern living. Too long now have we been seeing titled young women advertising face cream while professional actresses of global renown have marred the purity of barrack-room walls.

All young ladies of good family should place their faces at the disposal of H.M. armed forces, should visit their units—and *not* forget the sergeants' mess.

I remember some such beauties during the war arriving at Lüneburg, on patriotism bent, who were captured by the officers, who would not let them go. Being wise virgins, they thought of a ruse.

It was the strict rule, they told their hosts, that they should be home to their hostel by 10.30 p.m. So they were driven back. At 10.30 p.m. they were out again, on their way to join the other ranks. Officer of the day rumbled this, but, good man, he kept his mouth shut.



SIR THOMAS WHITE, K.B.E., D.F.C., V.D., F.R.G.S., High Commissioner for Australia and senior High Commissioner in London, is this week deeply engaged in celebrations of Australia Day (today). Sir Thomas, who was born in Melbourne, gained the D.F.C. in the R.A.A.F. as a pilot in the First World War and was a Group Captain in the second, when, after being in charge of the R.A.A.F. Base here, he commanded the Brighton R.A.F. station. He became a member of the Federal Parliament in 1929 and he held important offices, resigning as Minister of Air and Civil Aviation in 1951 to take up his London appointment. He has been an outstandingly successful High Commissioner and has done great work, for example, in stimulating appreciation of Australian art, literature and music in this country.

THERE WERE BALLOONS GALORE

IN spite of a severe blizzard on the night of the children's party given by The Hungaria Restaurant for the sons and daughters of patrons, eighty-six young people came to see "Uncle Andy," who now replaces "Uncle Vecchi," recently retired



Left: Mrs. Henry Bates and Mrs. Douglas Balfour were in conversation while their children, Diana Balfour and Penelope Bates, were most deeply engrossed in their own affairs

Right: Tessa and James Walmesley, who are the son and daughter of Brian Worth, the actor, had a fine collection of coloured balloons



W. G. Tasker

DINING IN

The hambake feast

—Helen Burke

EVERY year, for a long time now, a generous friend in New York sends me a whole ham—and how I look forward to it! The most recent one has been waiting in the refrigerator until the spate of Christmas food has waned, so that it could be appreciated to the full.

Now that we again have hams in plenty, why not, for a change, try cooking one in the American boiled-baked way? ("Boil" is a misnomer, for hams must never boil.) I have prepared my last two this way and, though the topping may seem a little unusual, it is very good indeed.

The great difficulty has been the glorious fifteen-pounder hams we get, but there are welcome signs of smaller ones. You can now get York hams weighing as little as ten pounds, and some from Devon weighing even less.

A HAM should soak for from one to three days, depending on how salt it is or how long it has been hung, or both, and the best person to advise you on this is the man who sells it to you. Change the water as often as possible, then place the ham in the boiler, cover with cold water, bring just to the boil and at once add any vegetables you want.

I add the green from one pound of leeks, two onions, several quartered carrots, a *bouquet garni* and up to a cupful of wine vinegar. A few peppercorns, too.

Cover and simmer gently, allowing twenty minutes to the pound. Leave for half an hour in the water, then lift out and peel off the skin. Have ready a paste of soft brown sugar and mustard, barely moistened with pineapple juice. Score the fat surface, lattice-wise, and spike each diamond with a whole clove. Pat the sweet mixture all over the top side of the ham. Pour a little of the strained stock into a roasting tin and, in it, bake the ham in a not-too-hot oven just long enough to brown the surface.

Pour off excess fat. Add more stock and as much crushed pineapple as you want to make a sauce. Heat through and reduce to your own liking. Pass this with the sliced ham.

I also served tiny plainly boiled new potatoes, spinach and sweet potatoes (now available). These last I boiled for forty-five minutes, then peeled and mashed with pepper and salt and a generous lump of butter and warmed through again in the oven.

If you do not want to risk a whole ham, get half a one or a good big corner of gammon.

HOT ham—cold ham—then *Jambon mode d'ici*, a recipe given to me, years ago, by the late Charles Bergerand, the famous chef-proprietor of L'Etoile in Chablis. My own version of his wonderful dish is this:

Simmer together to reduce by half, half pint ham stock, a chopped shallot, two dessertspoons of tubed tomato purée and two to three tablespoons dry white wine. Add a quarter pint of double cream and gently simmer for five minutes. Meanwhile, have slices of ham gently heating in ham stock. Drain, place in a heated entrée dish and pour the strained sauce over them, after, at the last minute, blending a little butter into it.



Harcourt

DINING OUT

Behind the pumps

MANY large towns near London have not only become large shopping centres, but are heavily industrialized with every conceivable facility, including

departmental stores on a West End scale. Seldom, however, have they restaurants to match. There are exceptions: one of them is Kingston-on-Thames, a Mecca for shoppers and business people from miles around, and even from parts of south and south-west London itself.

Here we have the Normandie, sponsored by Bentalls who, having built a huge store, realized that although they sold everything from cars to caraway seeds, they required a really first-class restaurant to complete the picture. The Normandie fills the bill in every respect.

The only difficulty is to find it; nobody would expect the entrance to a smart restaurant to be behind six large petrol pumps. Both the manager, E. J. Addy, and the chef, Mario Cattaneo, are of Italian origin, and have been there for several years. As Mario says, the cuisine is mainly Continental and he cooks to his clients' requirements. For full measure, the King of the Cocktail Bar is John Jones who won the world Cocktail Championship two years ago. He has just invented a new one which is called "Lady Behave," its chief attraction being that it is not too sweet: $\frac{1}{2}$ gin, $\frac{1}{2}$ cointreau, $\frac{1}{4}$ apple juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ dry vermouth, dash of white of egg. Shake with violence and consume at speed.

ANOTHER successful establishment used a great deal by business people concerned with industries on Western Avenue and Northolt Airport, and the local inhabitants from all around, is The Orchard at Ruislip. You will find yourself in a very smart bar when you enter, where two framed charters of the Order of La Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin proclaim that Leslie Ansell and his chief of staff, Mr. John, are obviously wine connoisseurs, and a glance at their remarkable wine list soon confirms it.

Here the chef and entire kitchen staff are English. The menu is also in English with no *à la carte*, the lunch being 8s. 6d. and the dinner 16s. 6d., but the choice is very extensive and the cost reasonable. For example, for dinner, Pâté of liver maison, fillets of Dover sole cooked in white wine with cream, mushroom and lobster sauce, roast Surrey capon garnished with tomatoes and noodles, and strawberry Melba, comes to 16s. 6d., with a dance band thrown in. On Saturday evening a dinner jacket is *de rigueur*.

—I. Bickerstaff

BELGIANS DANCED WITH ENGLISH FRIENDS

NO fewer than 240 guests enjoyed a gay evening at the Anglo-Belgian Union in Belgrave Square. Guests danced until the early hours and at midnight the French singer, Jaques Clout, delighted them by singing to the guitar



Lady (David) Kelly, who is Belgian by birth, with the Marquise du Parc-Lochmaria, wife of the Belgian Ambassador



Two guests at this Anglo-Belgian 'Entente Cordiale': M. Geoffrey de Bellaigue and Miss Petal Maconochie, who were thoroughly enjoying watching the dancers in the ballroom



Count John de la Barre, Mme. P. Jeanty, the Comtesse de la Barre and Baron de Renty talking together in the supper room



Mlle. Helene de Miramon, daughter of the Marquis de Miramon, dancing with M. Michel Bareau



Desmond O'Neill

The Comte and Comtesse d'Orthez were dancing together. The Comtesse is stage and film actress Moira Lister

The Principal, Professor Albert Jobin, tells a joke to Miss Debbie Strauss, Miss Audrey Cohen and Mrs. B. H. Lund. The reunion was at the Dorchester



GIRL STUDENTS' HOLIDAY REUNION

SOME 140 former students of the La Châtelaine School at Saint-Blaise, in Switzerland, met recently for a very cheerful reunion. The girls who attend the school are of thirty-six different nationalities, which gives it a truly international flavour



Miss Susan Watkins discusses old times with Miss Susan Swire. They were both at the school in 1952-53



Miss Rosemary Levy, Miss Barbara Gordon, Miss Brenda Strauss, Miss Peta Taylor and Miss Valerie Simkin were all thoroughly enjoying themselves



Miss Joan Walmsley, who was at La Châtelaine in pre-war days, reminiscing with Miss Carole Ward and Miss Jaqueline West, present-day students



Van Hallan

Miss Anna Uguccioni, from Florence, who is the daughter of the Marchese di Uguccioni, talking to Miss Adele Bradbury and Miss Suzanne Freedman

Priscilla in Paris

Wandering minstrel

THE month of January makes me think of the pathetic story of the lovesick maiden and the curate. "Nobody loves me," sighed the maiden, "and my hands are cold!"—"God loves you," answered the curate, "and you can sit on your hands!"

We may not be lovesick but we are all, more or less, sitting on our hands. An uncomfortable base to sit on! January is an uncomfortable month. We feel ashamed if we have not made good resolutions for the New Year and still more ashamed if, having made them, we are breaking them already. Although I feel no urge to confess whether I am a maker or a breaker, I must admit that I am in a melancholy mood. It is induced, however, by quite a different reason.

ONE morning recently, a hurdy-gurdy played below my windows. Not a piano-organ, with its exasperating, rippling cheerfulness, but a small, quiet, dignified hurdy-gurdy that ground out the gurgling notes of an old ballad with a slow, crooning anguish that not even the Bing Crosbys and Tino Rossis of to-day can command.

Windows opened all around me and the alloy of the Republic rained down. There was a lull while the coins were picked up, and then again the harrowing lament rose, but only to die in an obligato of changing gears and other reassuring noises of ordinary traffic as the musician stumped away. He disappeared in the direction of His Eminence Cardinal Feltin's palace and left me weeping . . . a most melancholy Jane!

EARLY last December, after awarding the Goncourt prize to Mme. Simone de Beauvoir for her torrential novel *Les Mandarins*, the nine members of the Académie Goncourt elected M. Jean Giono to their august company. This week the new academician made his first official appearance at one of the famous Goncourt luncheon parties that take place *chez Drouant*. It is some time since the Goncourts assembled in full force. During the last year or so of her life Mme. Colette, their president, was often prevented by ill-health from joining them.

Pierre MacOrlan, whose real name being Dumarchey is not the canny Scot one might imagine, lives most of the year in the country; Francis Carco, the chronicler of tough boys and girls who, nevertheless, in his youth had the honour of sometimes acting as cicerone to Katherine Mansfield, is a great traveller, and Gérard Bauer, "Guermantes" of the *Figaro*, is also often absent from Paris. On this occasion, however, all were present.

Roland Dorgelès—the actual president—presided, Giono was welcomed with open arms and sonorous kisses saluted his blushing cheeks. Armand Salacrou, the



F. J. Goodman

SCOTS SCULPTRESS IN FRANCE

MISS CYNTHIA BALFOUR, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alec Balfour, of Pilrig, Scotland, photographed in Paris, where she lives. Miss Balfour is half-French through her mother, formerly the Comtesse Marie-Amelie d'Harcourt. Miss Balfour, who is also a first cousin of the Baronne de Cabrol, is interested in sculpting

dramatist, whose strange *Inconnue d'Arras* and delightful *Robinson Crusoe* have been played in England, arrived looking rather blue. It was a cold day and he is one of the baldest men I know. He has also the distinction of being the son of a famous chemist, the inventor of an insecticide known as "Marie-Rose—or-the-perfumed-death," of which the delousing squads of two wars speak with gratitude. It seems ungrateful that his gifted son should be so bald.

PHILIPPE HÉRIAT, curly-headed six-footer actor, playwright and novelist of the assembly, is the youngest of these happy few, this band of brothers. Indeed, they are all young compared with many of the eminent dear dodderers amongst the forty *Immortels* of the Académie Française—those

"immortals" whose names are not always present to one's memory when needed. The ten Goncourts stand between the mid-fifties and the eve of the seventies. Mere babes!

ONE hears of unfortunate people who are obliged to "stand in the bread-line." In one of the richest quarters of Paris one may see fortunate people standing in the "water-line"! It used to be impossible to get a decent cup of tea in this country, but two wars have changed such a sad state of affairs, showing, no doubt, that wars have their uses! Even the *femme de ménage* who "comes to oblige" knows now that the teapot must be warmed, the brew allowed to stand, and that the water must not only be boiling but pure.

In the plutocratic sixteenth *arrondissement* the water is so strongly chlorinated as

to be unpleasant to the taste. Mineral waters can be used for many drinking purposes but not to make tea. Hence the "water-line." The public drinking fountain of the Square Lamartine is supplied by an old well that gets its water from one of the purest natural springs in Paris. It is there that the housewives line-up to fill their bottles. Picturesque and all that, but I sympathise with the afternoon tea, mink coat, thermos-flask brigade, and am glad to be living where one can get the doings for a cuppa straight from the tap.

Cherchez la femme?

● Is it true that the great Picasso said to the lady whose portrait he had painted: "Now it's up to you to like it and look like it."

At the Theatre

Edwardian gods' twilight

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

MEANINGLESS splendour has a public in the theatre, and nothing could be more splendidly meaningless than *The Night of the Ball*, at the New Theatre. Yet simple enjoyment of social glitter, gowned magnificence, modish chatter, titles and Miss Gladys Cooper's tiara may be spoiled for some by the worrying fancy that the author is all the time tirelessly running in circles looking in vain for a point of view which might give the splendour meaning.

Obviously Mr. Michael Burn's heart warms helplessly to the vision of Edwardian London dancing in its great houses—dancing with careless gaiety to the music of bands imported from Vienna, amid stacks of champagne bottles in supper rooms brilliant with a profusion of roses, malmaisons and orchids, and great mounds of hothouse fruit—peaches, figs, strawberries and nectarines.

No less obviously his mind itches to expose these bygone displays of extravagant hospitality to salutary modern satire. How are the periods to be brought within speaking distance? Mr. Burn manages neatly enough by finding a millionaire who has a great house in present-day London and endowing him with the whim to show the young people what a ball was really like in the good old days. For a few precious hours Sir Richard's guests shall fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the Edwardian world, and the evening shall be crowned, if fortune wills, by the

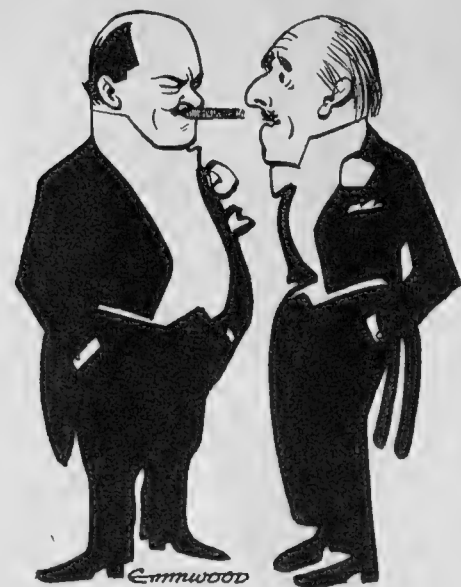
announcement of his own engagement to the fascinating Mrs. Tollemache.

This way of evoking a night of Edwardian revelry in order that its moral basis should be examined in the light of our own ideas would be admirable if the author did not suddenly lose his nerve as a social critic.

THE truth is that Mr. Burn has been seduced away from satire by the kind of love-story that Pinero would have told excitingly and Wilde would have made a pretext for witty interludes. Mr. Burn is neither the Pinero nor the Wilde *de nous jours*. The story, as he tells it, is unexciting and not often witty.

Mrs. Tollemache is the Woman with a Past. She has had an affair with the hero just after the war and has borne him a son, though she has never told him so. Now she cannot make up her mind between the safe and wealthy Sir Richard and her unreliable but still attractive lover. This hesitancy accounts for her extreme nervousness. Miss Wendy Hiller, whether rejecting proposals or engaging in small talk, remains extraordinarily tense.

The hero is an odd sort of fellow. His father, though leaving him the family estate, once let out that he was illegitimate, and it needs all Mr. Tony Britton's quiet sincerity to quell our impatience with the young man's somewhat absurd pretext for self-pity. We cannot altogether understand why he should be thought "unreliable." He is an idealistic social reformer, he gives no encouragement to the young girl of Miss



Tom Skeffington (Tom Macaulay), stockbroker turned farmer, does not like London. Toby Carter, elderly gallant (Brian Oulton), loves it but finds that times have changed

Jill Bennett, who flings herself at his head, and he is anxious to legalise his union with the widow.

There seems only one reason why the widow hesitates. The hesitation gives her a scene in which the young girl bitterly reproaches her for lack of candour (a scene admirably played by Miss Bennett) and it gives her the final scene of reconciliation (admirably played by Miss Hiller and Mr. Britton), which turns on the revelation to the illegitimate lover that he is the father of an illegitimate child.

MISS GLADYS COOPER's *grande dame* has little to do with the story, yet is one of the play's chief pleasures; Mr. Brian Oulton's class-conscious noodle is also helpful; and Mr. Robert Harris plays the whimsical millionaire host with measure and tact. Miss Jessie Boot is wasted on a dim lady whose big scene unfortunately takes place off-stage.



Jill Bennett as an impassioned and vulnerable young girl, Gladys Cooper a countess abounding in wit and wisdom, Tony Britton an ardent and distressed young man, Wendy Hiller a beautiful and sought-after young widow, Robert Harris the host and Prospero of the ball—all work out the patterns of their lives as the hours pass by on the fateful night



Houston Rogers

"RICHARD II" AT THE OLD VIC

JOHN NEVILLE is here seen as Richard II., with Virginia McKenna as his Queen, in Michael Benthall's impressive production at the Old Vic. These two young players, with others of the present company, have shown such promise that the usual policy of engaging established stars for leading roles at the Old Vic has been moderated, and the young actors are being given a great chance by Mr. Benthall. He has cast Miss McKenna as Rosalind in the Company's forthcoming production of *As You Like It*. The costumes and scenery for *Richard II.* were designed by Leslie Hurry

London Limelight

Shadow of the axe

THE threat from Big Business to destroy the St. James's and Stoll theatres because fatter profits are to be extracted from office rentals is one of those grim events, like the first arrival of an Income Tax demand. It is quite as practical, too, for already we have lost a couple of good restaurants to the same force, and more are foreshadowed.

Both theatres are just outside what is called the "passing trade" zone, and strong attractions are always needed if they are to justify themselves financially. Whether the affable and no doubt immaculate ghost of Sir Gerald du Maurier would haunt an office block if it were to replace his beautiful theatre is imponderable: I suspect that he

would turn his head, as he so often did on that stage, to express a sorrow too deep for words and to conceal a decent disgust at such a sordid piece of sacrilege.

IN Shaftesbury Avenue the Queen's Theatre is still in its half-blitzed state, but it occupies the ideal site of theatreland. Must it wait until the planners reorganise the whole area? We have lost the Shaftesbury, the Little, the Royalty, the Lyceum, the Gaiety, Dalys, the Empire, the



A memory of the threatened St. James's: Sir Gerald du Maurier and Miss Gladys Cooper in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, first produced in 1925

Playhouse and even that quaint little forgotten bandbox Terrys (which had one tiny, dangerous entrance in the Strand), in our lifetime, and still the big battalions are hungry.

On the brighter side, the Kingsway is to be rebuilt and workmen are toiling to refurbish the Comedy. It certainly needed it, as do half-a-dozen more.

MUCH happier news comes from Henry Sherek, who is to revive the Arts Theatre production of *St. Joan*, at the St. Martin's, on February 8th, since Miss Grenfell is leaving us to take her delicious party to the States, which is their good fortune. As far as possible the original cast will appear, headed by Siobhan McKenna. This will give those who spurn club theatres the chance of seeing one of the unquestionably great performances of the decade.

Unlike every other actress who has essayed this plum role, Miss McKenna does more than interpret the garrulous sage's arguments. She adds to them a feminine spiritual beauty which gives this *tour de force* a heart to pump blood into the over-awing brain which has always dominated the Shavian scene.

—Youngman Carter



"THE COLDITZ STORY" stars John Mills and Eric Portman, who are seen here during a humorous interlude in the film. The screen-play is adapted from the book of that name by Major P. R. Reid, M.C. It is the true story of the grim fortress in Bavaria that housed some of the most brilliant "escapists" of the war. The film, produced by Ivan Foxwell and directed by Guy Hamilton, magnificently portrays the heroism, the humour and the amazing ingenuity of these resolute men

Television

BURLINGTON STAMP

Freda Bruce Lockhart

PRESIDENCY of the Royal Academy seems to carry with it TV personality. During his term of office Sir Gerald Kelly, in several TV appearances, earned the right, by more than words or office, to serve as guide on Friday's tour of this season's Royal Academy exhibits.

His successor, Professor A. E. Richardson, has already shown himself an equally trenchant TV personality, well able to stand up to the bowling of a "Press Conference."

Latest professional personality to be given his own programme is David Nixon. Nixon has already endeared himself as a conjurer, or so-called magician, and as a polite, soft-spoken panellist in "What's My Line?" To-night he gets the chance to compere a series of programmes. I wish him a plentiful supply of the sort of material of which no compere need feel ashamed.

IN the past, I have seen the programme "Snapshot" reduce the most interesting personalities to greater banality than family albums. So I hope the new series starting next Tuesday will mean a new start. Lady Violet

Bonham Carter, Randolph Churchill and Percy Cudlipp are a promising trio to launch it.

Rudolph Cartier, who produced, Nigel Kneale, adaptor, and Peter Cushing who starred in Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-four*, are re-united in Sunday's play, *The Creature*. This time Nigel Kneale has written the original story of an expedition in search of the "Abominable Snowman." Co-starring with Peter Cushing is the strong type, Stanley Baker, and others in the all-male cast are Wolfe Morris, familiar to viewers of the science-fiction serial on Children's TV, and Simon Lack, who was so good as the British officer in the last episode of *The Promised Years*.



Gramophone Notes

STRAIN ON GALLANTRY

WHAT is happening to the female vocalists who purvey to us, via the gramophone record, songs designated popular?

Most of the recent efforts in this genre have been quite terrifyingly below sub-standard.

There have been exceptions, of course, but by and large the rot has most certainly set in.

Time was when Elsie Carlisle, whose interpretation of "Wind in the Willows" I shall always remember, Ruth Etting, the "Ten Cents a Dance" singer, Eve Becke, so chic and *soignée*, and Greta Keller all made their songs sound worth while, and, indeed, presented their gramophonic offerings with intelligent good taste. But what of their counterparts of to-day?

True, we have such tried and talented performers as Peggy Lee, Georgia Gibbs, Patti Page and Ethel Merman to help balance the scales, but is this enough? I think not.

FAR too much wax space is taken up by the mediocre; curves are not grooves, and they don't necessarily produce sounds with which we wish to regale ourselves in the quietness of our homes.

Promising recording singers like Beryl Templeman, for example, appear and then disappear on the horizon in a flash. Why? Is talent now a thing of the past?

Of the current recordings, however, there are two worth a hearing: that of "Open Your Heart" and "These are the Things We'll Share," from Eve Boswell (Parlophone R. 3966), and "That's You, My Love" and "Why Don't You Be Good?" from Kay Penton. (Mercury M.B. 3164.)

Surely in this age of another boom in gramophone records something should be done to ensure that only the best reaches our homes via this machine, and that the radio fly-by-nights are left to the ether—which, as we all know, has a wondrous method of evaporation.

—Robert Tredinnick

At the Pictures

The allegory's bite

Elspeth Grant*

MR. GEORGE ORWELL'S *Animal Farm* is as sharp-toothed an allegory as ever was found on the banks of the Nile. The cartoon film version of it, presented by Mr. Louis de Rochemont and made by Mr. and Mrs. John Halas, has, I am happy to say, preserved all its ferocious bite—to within a minute of the final shot, that is: then a wishful-hopeful ending, misguidedly tagged on, reminds one that some dentures are false.

If Mr. de Rochemont believes, as most people do, that Mr. Orwell's fable has something to do with Soviet Russia, surely it is wrong of him to suggest, in conclusion, that the suffering Russians are ripe for revolution against a Communism that has become unbearably oppressive. It would be nice to think that they are—but have we any grounds for doing so? Kid us not, Mr. de Rochemont: just cut the film where Mr. Orwell cut his story. It's sadder but truer that way.

THE animals on a farm revolt against their cruel owner and evict him. They run the farm themselves, and for a time, under the leadership of Snowball, an intelligent and idealistic pig, all goes swimmingly. Alas, there is another equally intelligent but quite unscrupulous pig called Napoleon, who is bent on domination—and he has privately trained a team of really horrid dogs to do his bidding. They assassinate Snowball and establish Napoleon in a position of absolute power, which, as you know, corrupts absolutely. It will not surprise you that eventually the pigs turn out to be no better than human beings.

The characters have been drawn with great insight and skill: Boxer, the horse, is the embodiment of honest labour; Benjamin, the donkey, is all simplicity bewildered; the dogs are as sinister as any secret police, and the pigs are the very essence of pig. My sincere congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Halas.

ONE gathers from *Woman's World* that American big business is a thoroughly exhausting affair for the men involved in it and for their wives. They all seem to worry like fun. Apparently they don't realise that life is like falling downstairs: the more relaxed you are about it, the less it hurts.

Mr. Clifton Webb, very much his beloved self in whom he is well pleased, appears as the owner of a vast automobile firm manufacturing luxury cars—especially a divine convertible. ("We call it a convertible," says Mr. Webb drily, "because it is designed to convert your bank balance into our dividends.") His managing director having worked himself to death, Mr. Webb must

appoint a successor—and the candidate for suicide must possess not only business acumen but the right sort of wife, too. So he summons three suitable men, with their wives, to New York for inspection.

They are Mr. Cornel Wilde and Miss June Allyson, from Kansas City; Mr. Fred MacMurray and Miss Lauren Bacall, from Philadelphia; and Mr. Van Heflin and Miss Arlene Dahl, from Dallas, Texas. They are all good men and willing: Mr. Webb therefore decides that what matters most is which has the best-equipped wife.

MISS ALLYSON, devoted to her husband, is a little home body with a gift for (as we say in Denmark) treading in the spinach. Miss Bacall, though bored with nursing her husband's anxiety-induced ulcer, is loyal, chic and witty. Miss Dahl, an elegant and seductive redhead, is ready to go to any lengths to secure the New York appointment for her husband—because she finds Dallas dull.

I have no intention of revealing who is the lucky man upon whom Mr. Webb's choice falls, but I will say the film is amusingly written, delightfully acted, and has been neatly directed by Mr. Jean Nugulesco. It is in CinemaScope and pretty Technicolor.

I'm sorry to say I found *To Paris With Love* a bit of a bore. Isn't

the idea of forty-ish father (Mr. Alec Guinness) taking his twenty-year-old son (Mr. Vernon Gray) to Paris to introduce him to the facts of life just the wee-est mite dated? And was it at any time particularly risible?

Well, anyway, Mr. Guinness finds a roguish young Parisienne, Mlle. Odile Versois, whom he considers would be ideal for his son—and then, of course, he falls in love with her himself. Meantime, the son, who fears his father is becoming far too set in his ways, has met the sophisticated, thirty-ish Mlle. Elina Labourdette; he thinks she is the one person who might save the old man from complete fossilisation—and then, of course (as if you didn't know), himself conceives a grand passion for her.

BUT the situation is untenable, as youth cannot mate with age (do I detect a frown on the face of the female thirties and hear a snort from the male forties?)—so the scriptwriter has resolved it by sending Mlle. Versois back to her postman lover, Mlle. Labourdette back to her *haute couture* establishment, and Mr. Guinness and son back to their dreary Highland castle, to which, I imagine, after their singularly unrewarding trip to Paris, they are now tolerably resigned.

*Deputising for Dennis W. Clarke.



Odile Versois and Alec Guinness in *To Paris With Love*



DENISE DARCEL stars with Gary Cooper and Burt Lancaster in *Santa Cruz*. She is French-born and has been in Hollywood since 1947, where she has appeared in a number of films, the most recent being *Dangerous When Wet*



JULIE ADAMS stars with Richard Carlson in the latest "monster" film, *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*, which has recently been giving filmgoers cold spines. She will soon be seen starring with Tony Curtis in *Six Bridges to Cross*

MEDICAL STUDENT IS NEW BRITISH SKI CHAMPION



(Above.) A gay party of Cambridge University skiers and friends were: Mr. C. Stewart-Patterson, Mr. Ian Rogers, Mr. W. Anderson, Miss M. Graves, Miss N. Olivero, Mr. O'Donnell Redfern and Mr. C. Gladstone

After the races were over J. Torrens, who raced very well in the slaloms, and the new champion, a medical student from Sutton Coldfield



Miss G. Skepper, Mrs. Hensman, whose father is Sir Wavell Wakefield, Major N. Clarkson-Webb and Mrs. and Mr. T. La F. Fryett



SNOW conditions were perfect for the British ski championships for men held at Gstaad this year. The courses were laid out on the Wässengrat by the Kandahar Ski Club, and the eventual combined event winner was Nigel Gardner.



Below: Cadet P. A. R. Waring, R.N., Miss Jean Anne Jacob, Mrs. H. W. A. Waring, Cadet Richard Dennys, R.N., and Mr. H. W. A. Waring, C.M.G., were among those who were watching the exciting races



Among the officials of the race were Miss Penny Nowell, Sir Arnold Lunn, who refereed the Giant Slalom, and Miss Isobel Roe. They were checking the competitors' list



Mr. Edward Noll, Lady Chamier, representative of the Ski Club of Great Britain at Gstaad, and Mr. Peter Waddell, manager of the British team, check their watches



George König

Mr. Noel Harrison, son of Rex Harrison and favourite for the championships, won the Giant Slalom race, but a bad fall in the Downhill race robbed him of victory

Standing By ...

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"THERE are no such things as spooks," said the Chief Beadle of the Burlington Arcade firmly to the Press boys after some nocturnal manifestations in the Arcade strongly resembling those of a poltergeist. Possibly, a chap interested in psychical research suggests to us, the Chief Beadle's declaration was purely rhetorical, like the old historic utterance "The Queen of Spain has no legs."

The Burlington Arcade is an obvious place for the pranks of poltergeists, those Fourth Form oafs of the spirit-underworld. It was built by a Lord Burlington of the last century to stop the citizenry from hurling rubbish over his garden-wall. This undoubtedly set up a local "pocket," psychically speaking, of resentment and mental disturbance, vastly developed when the Royal Academy boys moved into Burlington House with their own annual outbursts of public mischief. Poltergeists would naturally exploit such a situation, and meanwhile we espy in this imbroglio a warning to the Anti-Litter League. Tossing its rubbish over Lord Burlington's wall gave the Race that old Elizabethan feeling. Today, once the rapture of gazing into a charming litter-hostess's eyes is over, the citizenry bitterly resents having parted with its rubbish so tamely, and throws its next bus-ticket or banana-skin on the pavement with a petulant oath. Let the League ponder this ere worse befall.

Next Week: *The Housewife's Angle—Does The Cry for Tidier Streets Authorise Spare-Time Lolling in Dustmen's Arms?*

Treat

TIPPING their elegant billycocks to the Narcissus legend, the railway boys of the London-Midland Region announce the birth of a delicious new treat for the travelling public in the shape of 11" by 6" map-mirrors, enabling passengers—*vide* Press—to examine their routes and faces simultaneously.

Unaffected by those curious cold sweats which assail many of you sahibs in similar circumstances, Narcissus spent his time gazing into pools, intoxicated by his reflection. The British Railways idea is more subtly flattering. There is a noble variety of the Island Pan—many leading thinkers have it—which so markedly resembles a faery map of Clapham Junction that the opportunity to compare it (possibly to its advantage) with the real thing should be unspeakably thrilling. Map-mirrors will also supply the long-awaited answer to chaps in the predicament of the dazed Victorian poet:

It is not mine to sing the mystic grace,
The lure of your extraordinary face:—
Why do I feel, on taking leave of you,
That I have spent a long weekend at Crewe?

Reflection

MEMSAHIB abovementioned had no answer, either. One glance at the Crewe area in a railway map-mirror would have enlightened her. In the same way newly-crowned beauty queens puzzled by mayors and J.P.s murmuring passionately in their ear "You remind me of the permanent way between Kettering and Leicester" may now resolve their maiden doubts.

One of the beauties at Charles II's court is described by that gay dog Anthony Hamilton as having the appearance of a dreaming, exquisite sheep. This has always seemed to us a bit thick. We mean there are limits. We mean—well, *form*, and all that. Sheep often wake up, anyway.

Bang

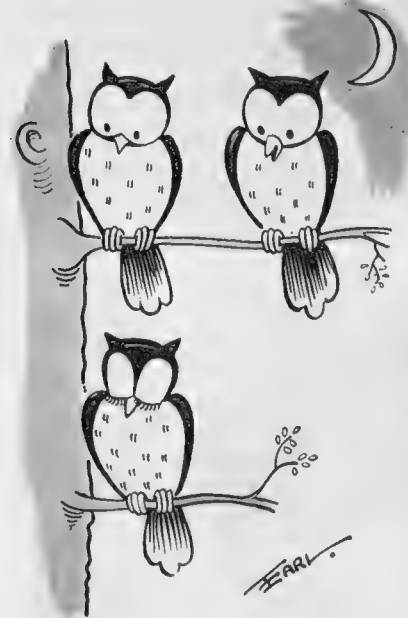
HALF A DOZEN Career Girls, as the headline-boys fearlessly call them, were among 200 recent applicants to a travelling British circus for the job of being shot twice daily from a gun. As a gossip justly observed, the right mental approach is essential. Not every ambitious English Rose has it, apparently.

And alas! *Pleurez, doux alcyons!* The only girl in the world who could tell aspiring sweethearts absolutely all about it is no more with us, we fear. It is many years now since Sir John Squire encountered on the Riviera a faded, quiet little old lady with a sheaf of yellowed photographs in her reticule who turned out to be La Belle Zaza of the London Aquarium, the pioneer pin-up girl of the ballistics world in the 1880-90s. Glittering in spangled tights, Zaza soared nightly with a bang over your enraptured grandfathers' noggins like a beautiful flying-fish. A mathematician tells us the odds against her landing in the lap of a rich, susceptible, unmarried young peer of the Realm were even then about 987,532 to 1. This particular mental approach would therefore, one trusts, be discarded long beforehand by any serious Career Girl seeking the job today.

Afterthought

ONE can hardly help seeing the circus staff-psychologist rubbing his hands as the right girl reveals herself.

"What is your mental approach to the work, Miss Hopjoy?"



"She doesn't give a hoot!"

"Well, I approach it existentially. I find it integrates my concepts of the Unconditional Choice."

"You've had some experience?"

"Well, I've been blown through the roof once or twice by the atomic gentlemen at Harwell."

"What were you doing there?"

"Well, Mumsie says I'm silly, but I just can't keep away from those adorable scientists."

Perhaps not the kind of girl your people would care about, white men ("Poor Reggie's got entangled with a physicists' moll . . ."), but pre-eminently the kind to be shot from a gun. And a space-gun at that.

Riposte

A DYNAMITED pitch, a chap in close touch with the MCC tells us, would be the most dignified retort to that alleged weekend watering of the Melbourne pitch during the third Test, if authentic. Dynamite was last secretly employed for a British pitch in 1894, when a gang of MCC malcontents hoped to blow the pants off W. G. Grace.

The Doctor's trousers remained invulnerable amid smoke and flame, but the label in the Grace Museum at Lord's describing this hallowed exhibit as "literally charmed" is of course poetic licence, the employment of the Black Arts in English Cricket being forbidden by Rule 55. In the 1890s this ban was held not to apply to Australians, despite wellbred protests by several Gentlemen of England who had vainly tried to set fire during a match to the tails of Trumper's magic shirt. "Fooled again, coppers," was the great Australian bowler's quiet comment.

BRIGGS



—by Graham

DINNER-DANCE FOR YOUNG EXPLORERS

AT the British Schools Exploring Society dinner and dance the chairman, Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferte, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., explained that the Society wanted to raise an immediate fund of £5000 followed by a long-range objective of £100,000



Mr. Christopher Carver was pointing out an object of interest to Miss Nancy Galpin. Among those who spoke on behalf of the Society was Dr. Roger Bannister



Mr. Michael Greig was escorting Miss Mary Squire. He was a member of the 1954 expedition to Northern Quebec.



Mr. Anton Brown, who was in the 1949 expedition to Norway, Miss Ann Keiller and Mrs. and Mr. Terry Rodgers



Mr. John Clinch, Miss Sally Maitland, Mr. Richard Greenwood and Miss Patricia Jeans were four people enjoying the ball



Mr. Peter Bromley, Mrs. Peter Bromley, Mr. George Kendall and Miss Susan Bateman were also at the Dorchester

Swarbe

FROM PONY SADDLE TO DANCE FLOOR

THE delights of a junior hunt ball have seldom been more keenly appreciated than by the company of 200 who attended the Perth Pony Club's event, when the young people shaped as well in the ballroom as they do in their field exercises



Above, a picture of enthusiasm: Douglas Rae, Louise Briggs, Michael Coates and Carol Kydd wholeheartedly applauding the winners of the Statue Polka

Left: Mr. Patrick Palmer and Miss Marigold Broadhurst were greatly enjoying a slow foxtrot. This very good annual dance took place at the Salutation Hotel



Bill Turcan, of Lindores House, and Kirsty Drummond-Hay, from Seggieden, won the Statue dance



The Earl of Shelburne, son of the Marquess of Lansdowne, with Miss Xandra Drummond-Moray

At The Races

SIX OF THE BEST FOR AINTREE

IN view of the fact that the mathematical odds against any horse getting round the National course work out at roughly 4 to 1, I think the first thing we have got to settle in our minds is "which look most likely to do it." As to winning it, there is a very good and true saying that the horse which is such a fool as not to know when he is beat has the best chance of survival; but then this can be said of all the affairs of this life! The short phrase for this is "guts."

This year's entry looks very like a thundering good field, pick the probable competitors where you like—Old Boys and New Boys alike. The Grand National, like every other steeplechase, is a gamble; a bump, let alone a fall, might put any of them out of court. On first glancing at the list we ought to be entitled to believe that the following have the best chance of getting round, provided it is only the fences with which they have to contend: Irish Lizard

(starred), Royal Tan, Tudor Line, Churchtown, Early Mist (if sound) and, to complete the tally, Mariner's Log.

Anyone can make up a list like this and knit a pair of stockings at the same time, but I fully believe that these horses have the best credentials. In the National particularly there must be very many "ifs" and "buts," and it is probable that right up to the "off," and even after it, everyone will have a different winner! Now that we know that Tim Molony has picked Churchtown for his ride, it seems likely that that animal will open favourite when we get any sort of market. He looked very like hitting the target when he blundered close home last year.

As to others, I hear that the newcomers, Mr. Linnett and Goosander, are likely to be backed. On present showing I should say that Lanveoc Poulmic does not look as if he could jump the fences. His fair owner has always been very keen on steeplechasing; but then she used to ride very well herself. Naturally, everyone hopes that Her Majesty the Queen Mother's Master-view has scope enough not to be spreadeagled by these big obstacles, but that is a matter yet to be discovered.

Make and shape and courage are unfortunately not always enough.



The recent joint expedition to West Africa organised by the Zoo and the B.B.C. seems to have been a bit unlucky so far as ants are concerned, since, although it met some obnoxious ones, they were not as big as those which the late Sir Harry Johnston found the Matabele, who can bite as well as sting, and are an inch long. These industrious insects are capable of putting to flight, and even slaughtering, the largest of the mammals, such as an elephant for instance, and from what Sir Harry Johnston says about them I think that even that first-class fighting man the Indian pig, or wild boar, would have to throw in his hand! They can, and do, clear every living thing off the earth which comes in their path.

The Zoo-B.B.C. expedition said that the great millepede "can walk unharmed and unbustled through the scurrying millions." The Matabele ants do him in before he knows where he is, and in a few minutes there is only his skeleton left to mark the spot where once he millepeded!

THE Matabele ant, if let loose in some parts of this earth, would provide a quick antidote to the hydrogen bomb! Why not import a few billions and sprinkle them about (of course with discretion, as there are still some chaps whom we should miss quite a bit!)

—SABRETACHE

QUORN WERE HOSTS IN LEICESTERSHIRE

THE QUORN held their hunt ball at Swithland Hall, Leicestershire, by permission of the Earl of Lanesborough. Some 350 guests enjoyed the evening, while the weather did not prevent followers of the hunt and their friends from attending this successful event



Mr. Ronald Farnham and Miss Valerie Lawson were dancing together. Swithland is in the heart of the Quorn country



Left: On the dance floor were Miss Susan Taylor and Mr. John Waugh. Adjoining the Quorn are such well-known packs as the Belvoir, the Meynell and the Fernie

The Earl of Lanesborough, who so kindly lent his home for the ball, was dancing with Mrs. Fritz Swain



Major G. A. Murray-Smith, who took over the hunt last year from Major the Hon. R. Strutt, was here with Mrs. Murray-Smith



Col. and Mrs. Norman Johnstone and Mr. Jack Chaplin were deep in discussion. The Quorn, one of the oldest packs in England, has recently celebrated its bicentenary



Swaebe

Book Reviews by

Elizabeth Bowen

Peter Pan's creator

LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH has had, for her *Portrait of Barrie* (James Barrie Ltd.; 15s.), as elusive a subject, probably, as can be found. But there is nothing of the studio about this portrait—no touch of the chill that comes from a great man "posed." As a celebrity, and a very shy one, Sir James withheld himself from the general world: he was to be known only by chosen friends, and to those, even, he could be enigmatic.

Of those friends, who shall say who knew him best? Lady Cynthia, at least, knew him as no one else did—in a working relationship which, with its ups and downs, required wisdom and understanding and, on her side, a humour no less than his.

"What," she begins, "was Barrie really like? I wonder how many times I, who was his secretary for nearly twenty years, have been asked that question? I could not attempt to sum up so complex a being; but I will try to give my day-to-day impressions of him and such snatches of characteristic speech as I can remember."

HAPPILY, she has the gift of memory—for memory surely is, in the precious sense, something more individual than mere non-forgetting. To remember, as she remembers Barrie, is to cherish the small things that mean much—to be able to relive hours and days, to recall episodes and occasions which had an atmosphere all their own. An impish oddness distinguished many of the doings of this lonely man; who, at the same time, was led as though by a divining-rod to those who were to play a part in his life. There can be no doubt that he was exacting—yet in return he gave much; all that he could.

Being spotted as a potential secretary surprised Lady Cynthia, nor can one wonder. "I was," she tells us, "without training. I did not know shorthand. I could not even type." She entered upon her duties with some misgiving. They did, however, prove to be of a kind which would have baffled a professional stenographer—drawers of chaotic papers, the accumulation of years, to be turned out (burned or not, as one thought well, he did not care), letters to be answered with ingenuity (without, if possible, being shown to him), and fans, sharks and hostesses headed off.

CRAMMED into one drawer were uncashed cheques, in value amounting to around £1700—and this had been the young Scotsman who came to London so poor he dared hardly lunch off a bun! . . . Lady Cynthia worked under the name of "C. Greene."

We are given a fascinating picture of the Adelphi flat—the dreamlike outlook over the Thames, the fireplace-alcove in which Barrie lurked, and against whose cross-beam the taller visitor, unnerved by that

fey stare, often bumped his head. Barrie's physical personality, the dome forehead, the fathomless expression of the eyes, the attitudes in which he sat, come out so clearly from Lady Cynthia's writing that the reader might feel he was in the room. But still more, she has given us an idea of his extraordinary psychic and temperamental variations. He could kindle and lift an entire party—not only at dinner, during an evening, but for days together (as the best of those golden summers at Stanway showed). But his depressions, his utter and lasting silences, could be terrible, and infectious too.

"Portrait of Barrie" shows him at work and at play. And around him, what a playtime world the author of *Peter Pan* created! With children, with cricketers, with guests, and (non-solemnly) with his fellow-celebrities we see him. The theatre, outlet for his genius, naturally looms large in this book. No less awesome than a London first night was the moment when the amateur curtain rose upon the children's theatricals at Stanway: "Barrie Producing a Play" is a chapter as tense as any.

BEST of all, Lady Cynthia answers, sometimes directly, sometimes by implication, many so far unanswered questions. How much did Barrie care for success? Was he (as enemies said) a snob? Was he over-possessive as to his friends, particularly his friends' children? Was he sentimental? (Not sentimental, Lady Cynthia can show us—saturnine, often.) Was it true that the (accounted) failure of his last play, *The Boy David*, broke his heart and killed him?

As to what he could mean as a friend, we are left in no doubt. We close the book on an allegory, the Adelphi hearth. "For the rest of my life the scent of wood smoke will make me see that wide, cavernous hearth and, on his knees beside it, Barrie—'most individual and bewildering ghost'—patiently, intently, fanning grey ashes into flame."

* * *

GLORIOUS LIFE (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.) is the third of the novels of Derek Barton. It is an enjoyable, gay-sad, ruthless, astringent, witty, in fact good one. Reviewers are prone to commend books by saying they found them impossible to put down—I put down this one from time to time for the purpose of making it last



Walter Bird

STORM JAMESON'S new novel, *The Hidden River*, is the Book Society's choice for January, and also the Book of the Month selection in America for April. A writer of power and integrity, Miss Jameson's first novel was published in 1920. She is an M.A. and also an Hon. Litt.D.

longer; and I was sorry when it was done. Though I also give it to Mr. Barton that he has the gift of knowing just when to stop.

The scene is a far from impossible development of the Civil Service: the Ministry of Fine Arts. Activities within this hive (situated in Bayswater) are many: our hero, Paul Sheardown (working neck-to-neck with his colleague, Swindlehurst), is at present concentrated upon the opening of what are to be several "artist precincts." That is to say, in a number of former stately homes of England, painters, writers, composers, and so on, are to be accommodated gratis (i.e., at the taxpayer's expense) in order that they may "create."

(Continued on page 171)



"It sounded almost like a cry for help!"



SHAVIAN CELEBRITIES AT SLOANE SQUARE

A PARTY was given at the Royal Court Theatre to mark the occasion of a new book on Shaw, by Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson, called *Theatrical Companion to Shaw*. Many distinguished people of the theatre gathered together on the stage where so much Shavian history was made in the middle 1900's

Sir Barry Jackson, the authors Mr. Raymond Mander and Mr. J. Mitchenson, and Dame Edith Evans, who has created more roles in Shaw plays than has any other living actress



Mr. Robert Atkins, of Open Air Theatre fame, was listening to Lillah McCarthy (Lady Keeble), who was leading lady at the Royal Court under the Vedrenne-Barker management



Miss Margaret Halstan with Miss Ellen Pollock, who has played numerous Shaw roles, including first productions of the plays "Too True to Be Good" and "On the Rocks"



Miss Christine Silver, who took the part of the original Fanny in "Fanny's First Play," talking to Miss Blanche Patch, who was secretary to the dramatist for so many years



HERE is a suit that is definitely intended for an afternoon tea-party or "come in for a drink" occasions. Very tailored, very elegant, it is made by Windsmoor and is sold by Harrods who also supply the blouse and hat shown with it. This suit is made of a wool and worsted mixture with a collar faced with cocoa-coloured gros-grain. Beautifully cut on strictly classic lines it relies entirely on its charming jacquard-patterned material for its "Afternoon Look." It costs £14 17s. 6d.

DESIGNED FOR A SINGLE PURPOSE



John French.

This very pretty blouse of cocoa-coloured silk shantung has unpressed pleats that run from the shoulder seams to just below the bust, and a low-cut vee-neck that finishes in a flat bow. It costs £7 17s. 6d.



A CHOICE FOR THE WEEK by Mariel Deans

A Gilbert Orcel "Jeune Fille" design which can be bought in the model hat department. It is made of cerise pink felt trimmed with a large flat bow. In other colours, too, it costs £3 19s. 6d.

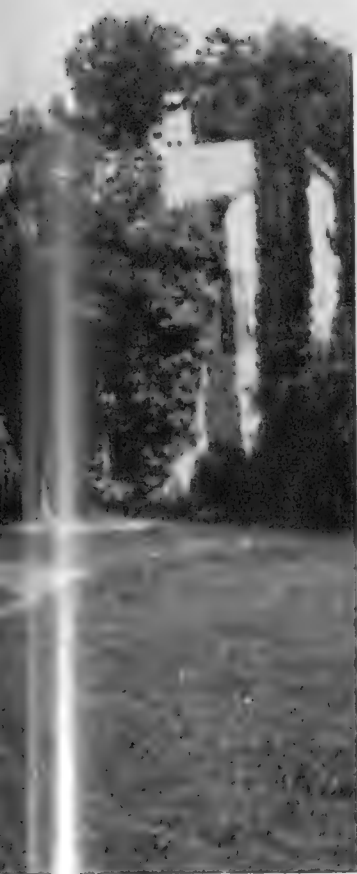


Below: Jaeger's dark bottle-green silk shirt blouse worn with a blue, green and white wool tweed skirt which has two box pleats and slit pockets in the front



THESE photographs (writes Mariel Deans) show golfers at the Cannes Country Club at Mougins (above). The girls are wearing the warm but light-weight sports clothes that women here will be wearing on our English links as soon as the weather becomes a trifle less Arctic. We have searched for warmth without weight, and with freedom of movement—three essentials if you want to play good golf

SQUARING UP TO THE TEE AT CANNES



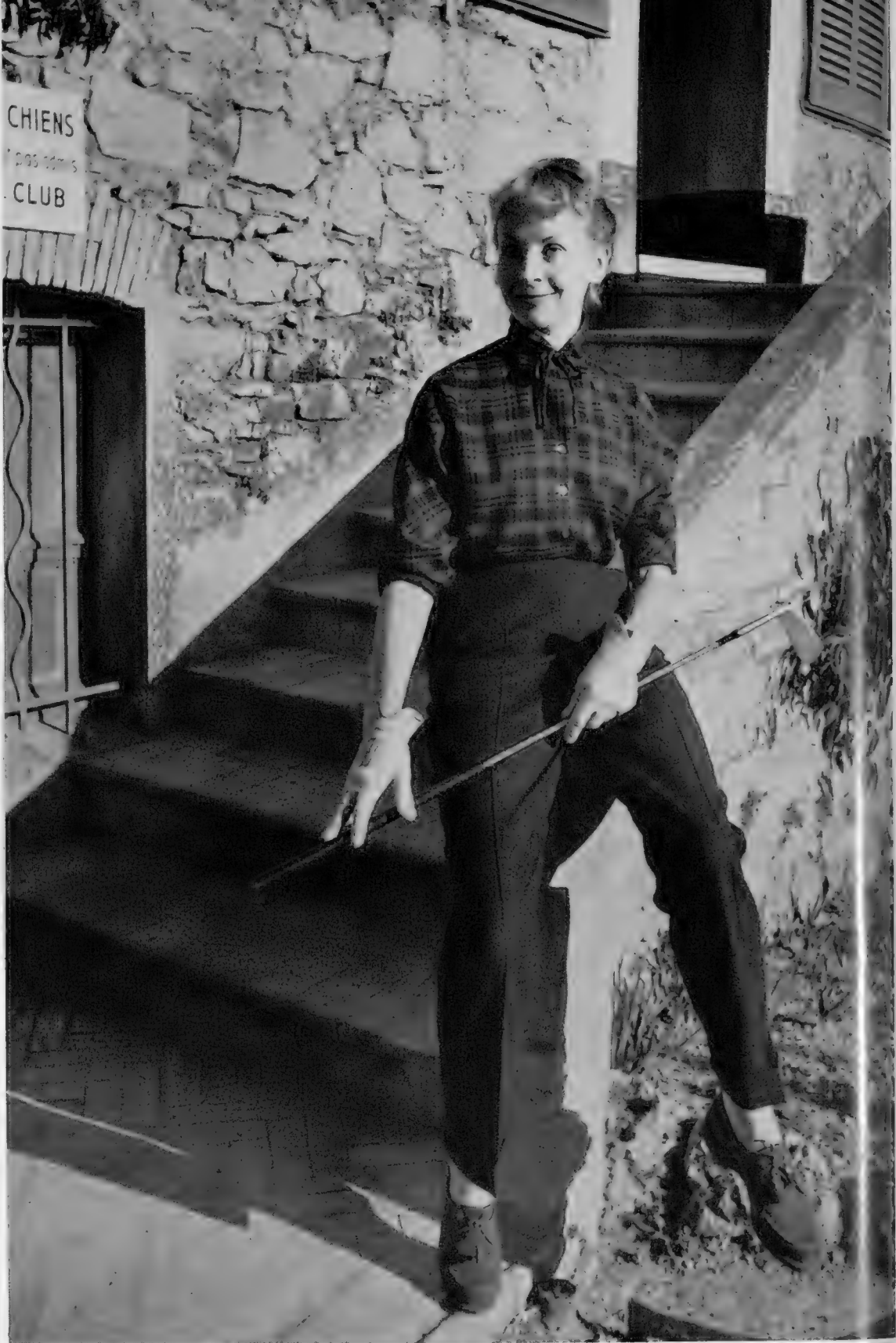
Right: A chunky rib green cardigan with a roll collar from Lillywhites is shown with their brown-green worsted skirt. This has centre sunray stitched pleats at the back and front, and two front pockets. The blond suède shoes with crêpe soles (worn in all the photographs) are made by Fenestrier of France especially for Lillywhites



Men's shirting makes Lillywhites own striped blouse with its neat round collar and dolman sleeves, whose cuffs reach just below the elbow

Simpsons of Piccadilly sell this warm red and green check wool blouse that ties with a bootlace bow at the neck, worn here with a pair of their beautifully cut, grey worsted Daks—

—It is shown below worn with their new Daks skirt designed especially for golf in camel-coloured lightweight Crombie cloth. It has a plain front, single inverted pleat at the back and two patch pockets



London still leads in sports clothes, says Mariel Deans—

EVEN TO FASHION - ACUTE



PHOTOGRAPHED on the fairway in the clear sunlight of the early Provençal spring, this jacket of vivid yellow showerproof poplin fastens with a zip-fastener and can equally well be worn as a blouse tucked into the top of the dark grey skirt, which is made of thick, French jersey. Both come from Gordon Lowe, Knightsbridge

RIVIERA EYES

Magic for evening wear

ELEGANCE for festive occasions can be achieved with these delightfully feminine accessories. For dances, theatre parties or cocktails, they add charm to the evening ensemble
—JEAN CLELAND



Above: A Viennese compact that is different, in black antelope with coloured silk lids reproducing famous paintings. From Woollands. Price 70s. 6d.

Below: Another American novelty. Decorative evening "envelope" case containing gilt compact, lipstick case and comb. 49s. 6d., Woollands



Right: In a design of lovers' knots is this distinctive jewellery from Mitchel Maer Ltd., called "El Morocco." Emerald/crystal, £24 10s. Montana sapphire/crystal, 11 gns. All crystal, 5½ gns. Three colours, 4½ gns. Debenham and Freebody



Right: A lovely set of Mitchel Maer Ltd., called "Rippling Jewels" in lovely colours. From Debenham and Freebody. Chartreuse, 15 gns., cognac 18 gns. Two-tone blue crystal, Price 79s. 6d.





Unusual Filigree American gilt compact for evening, with matching lipstick case. Compact, 42s. Lipstick case, 14s. Obtainable from Woollands

Dennis Smith.

Shopping List

The prickly one's allure

NOT long ago, a young boy on television presented his collection of cacti, and discussed the fascination of collecting and growing cacti as a hobby. This is something which seems to be gaining popularity very rapidly, and with a finger on the pulse of things that interest a wide public, Cussons—the well-known firm of bath luxuries fame—have issued a delightful and helpful booklet called *It's Fun Growing Cacti*. It gives advice to enthusiasts in this field, and will be particularly welcomed by beginners anxious to know how to start.

The booklet states that there are over five thousand different types of cacti—did you know that?—and goes on to say that only those most likely to be met with by beginners have been picked out. The information given is by E. Shurly, editor of the journal of the Cactus and Succulent Society of Great Britain, and besides excellent descriptions of well-known species, there are some delightful coloured illustrations.

Anyone who is interested

can obtain the booklet free, simply by writing to Cussons Sons & Co., Ltd., 84 Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.1.

★ ★ ★

THOSE who do a little dressmaking in their odd time, will know the annoyance of mislaying the pins just when they are most needed. To their aid comes the magnetic pin-cushion, which, as you can see in our photograph, holds the pins in place all ready for use. "Throw 'em on and pick 'em off." That's the grand idea designed to save a lot of nerve strain. You can get this excellent little gadget from Woollands for 2s. 11d.

★ ★ ★

MANY people like to carry with them a photograph of someone dear when they are away from home. What more convenient way than in a combined cigarette and photo-frame case. Every time you open the case for a smoke there she—or he—is to keep you company. Harrods have this attractive novelty, which—in leather—can be had for the price of 46s.



Pin-cushion which holds the pins in place by magnetism. From Woollands, price 2s. 11d.



Combined cigarette and photo-frame case. Harrods have it in leather for 46s.



Beauty

Chickens into swans

Jean Cleland

ONE of the most fascinating pastimes I remember as a child was being allowed to help my grandmother tidy—or rather sort—things out in her trunks. Actually to tidy them would have been too gargantuan a task, since they were crammed full of feminine fripperies triumphantly acquired at the yearly and half-yearly sales. Remnants of silk, rolls of ribbon, artificial flowers, yards of lace, bought, not because they were needed at the moment, but because my grandmother could never resist a bargain, and was firmly convinced that at some time or another they would be sure to “come in.”

From this dear departed and most lovable ancestor, I have inherited the love of hoarding; not things from the sales—to which wild horses would not drag me—but things of sentimental value. Menu cards signed by friends, wedding services, mementoes of special anniversaries, cards from abroad, and letters.

EVERY now and then—usually at the beginning of a new year—I have a full scale turn-out, relieving crammed drawers and reluctantly casting out the old to make room for the new. Last week, while performing this task, and re-reading various letters before consigning them to the wastepaper basket, I came across several which gave me fresh heart to continue with this beauty business. An encouragement which at times I sadly need, when the depressing thought arises as to whether what one writes makes any impact, or whether it is merely brushed aside as “hoey,” or at the best, an extravagant form of vanity.

The first letter puzzled me for a moment. It said: “You will, I know, be pleased to hear that old chicken neck has now become swanlike.” Then I remembered. It was from a friend who some months before had been terribly worried about her neck, which she said was becoming scraggy, wrinkled and very “old.” I put her on to special neck treatments, which she followed faithfully, with gratifying results.



For the first time, Patou has a complete range of three articles in the fresh fragrance of “Amour, Amour.” Soap 8s. 2d. a tablet, Parfum Cologne, 15s. 9d., and dusting powder with velvet puff, 17s. 3d. a box

Another letter was from a friend's young daughter whose whole life was being made miserable by a complexion infected with recurrent spots and pimples which were fast becoming chronic. Together we went—with the mother's approval—to an expert who specializes in the subject, and who treated her with success.

SHE wrote: “It's marvellous, I can hardly believe it. I can enjoy myself now, and *show* my face instead of wanting to *hide* it.”

Her mother warmed my heart even more by saying: “It seems to have made a difference to her whole personality. She was always so shy and moody before and didn't like parties. Now she loves them and actually wants me to give a dance for her. What an expense! I don't really know whether to thank you or not.”

Another was from an actress who had been afflicted with breaking nails to such an extent that she felt ashamed of her hands. I took her along to a nail specialist, and her letter of thanks

was proof—if I needed it—that effective cures are available for these various ailments. “It's really thrilling,” she said in her letter. “I would never have believed it.”

THAT is the trouble with so many people. They just can't—or won't—believe that these various treatments are of practical value. You have only to mention the word “treatment” to see a wary look in their eyes, and a deprecatory gesture, which dismisses the whole thing as extravagant nonsense thought up by clever people as a means of parting rich women from their money.

I should like to try and correct some of these extremely false impressions. To start with, many of the treatments which come under the heading of “beauty”—since they are carried out in beauty salons—go far deeper than a mere “dolling up”, to use a current expression, of the face. The outcome of vast scientific research, they deal effectively with sagging muscles, wrinkles, impoverished tissues and other defects. In addition to these, there are a wide variety of treatments that have nothing to do with the face at all. Treatments for too plump arms, too thick ankles, ageing necks and middle-aged spread.

SALONS of repute specialize in diets and exercises for reducing the middle-aged spread, and—in reverse—in developing such an important feature as the bust. There are also experts for treating the feet and others who concentrate on the nails and the hands. There are treatments, too, for refining the texture of the skin, and for such problems as blemishes in the way of spots of various kinds, and for superfluous hair. Trichologists are available to get to the root of such troubles as hair that is too greasy or too dry. Almost everything, in fact, that affects the appearance can, in these days, be efficiently treated by up-to-date methods, with appliances and preparations which can be relied upon to produce beneficial results.

In order to make you conversant with some of them, I have decided to deal with one treatment at a time for the next few weeks and describe the whole procedure from A to Z. This will enable you—I hope—to form a clear idea of what you may expect, should you decide to try something of the kind for yourself.



A selection of new French toilet vaporizers from Marshall & Snelgrove. The prices range from £1 5s. to £2 9s.

Dennis Smith

ENGAGEMENTS



Pearl Freeman

Miss Cynthia Bloom, younger daughter of the late Lt.-Col. G. A. Bloom, O.B.E., and of Mrs. Bloom, of Sutton Montis, Yeovil, is engaged to Mr. Robert Southcombe, second son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Southcombe, of Milborne Port, Sherborne



SWANN—STAPLETON

Mr. Peter Geoffrey Swann, M.D., M.R.C.P., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Swann, of Woodford Green, Essex, married Miss Ruth Audrey Stapleton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Stapleton, of Loughton, Essex, at St. Mary's Church, Loughton

BAILLIE-HAMILTON—BARRIE

Capt. J. N. B. Baillie-Hamilton, The Black Watch, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. B. Baillie-Hamilton, of Cambusmore, Callander, Perthshire, married the Hon. Caroline B. C. Barrie, daughter of the late Lord Abertay, and of Lady Abertay, of Tullybelton, Bankfoot, Perthshire, at St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth, Scotland

THEY WERE MARRIED



Lenare

Miss D. E. E. Curtis-Bennett, daughter of Mr. D. Curtis-Bennett, Q.C. and of Mrs. David Pollock, of Ormonde Gate, S.W.3, is engaged to Mr. J. T. Boscawen, elder son of Mr. John and Lady Mary Boscawen, of The Old Rectory, West Clandon, Surrey



HOOD—WARWICK

Lt.-Cdr. A. H. E. Hood, R.N., son of Lt.-Gen. Sir Alexander and Lady Hood, of Government House, Bermuda, married Miss Angela M. Warwick, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Warwick, of Marchmead, Frithwood Avenue, Northwood, Middlesex, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Lafayette

MACKIE CAMPBELL—COATS

The wedding took place at Holy Trinity Church, Ayr, of Capt. P. L. Mackie Campbell, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Mackie Campbell, of Glenholm, Monkton, Ayrshire, and Miss Gillian Coats, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. T. Coats, of Carse, Tarbert, Argyll



Pearl Freeman

Miss Sheila Noelle Stevenson, daughter of Lt.-Col. N. D. Stevenson, and of Lady Nye of Earncliffe, Ottawa, is to marry Mr. F. A. K. Harrison, only son of the late Mr. F. Harrison and of Mrs. Harrison, of Godalming



THOMASSON—POWELL

At St. James's, Spanish Place, Mr. Christopher Lucas Thomasson, son of the late Mr. Franklin Thomasson, and of Mrs. Thomasson, of Medstead, Alton, Hants, married Miss Bryony J. A. Powell, elder daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Powell, of Brightwell-cum-Sotwell, Berks

Book Reviews [Continuing from page 162]

Civil Service dabbles
in the arts

Rumbelows, a mansion isolated on the East Anglian coast, is the first of the "precincts" due to open. It is, however, astonishing how things get held up.

Sheardown and Swindlehurst have as their chief Miss Carnaby, a powerful personality with a feminine allure of which Paul is conscious from time to time. But there is also Patty, his H.E.O., and also (most disturbingly of all) Celia, with whom, and her husband Godfrey, Paul lodges in Chelsea. Under that same roof are packed in another, devastating, couple—the Bodys, who have young twin daughters called Blitz and Blight.

GLORIOUS LIFE (and you can gather how glorious it is, everybody in it troubled by love or money, and most by both) contains other memorable persons, such as Mr. Passion, best-selling ghost-writer with a sideline in blackmail, first met by Paul at Swindlehurst's club. And there also is Mr. Liebeskind, in on international affairs in a big way, coming round after Celia with gala baskets of roses and champagne.

Best of all are the goings-on in the Ministry. If *Glorious Life* does not ring true to those who know, I shall be surprised. I don't think a single comical possibility has been missed: at



Lotte Meitner-Graf
J. E. MORPURGO, who has just been elected a director of the National Book League, is an authority on the literature of the Romantic period, and a distinguished commentator on current affairs

the same time, the whole thing's shockingly likely.

FEW of the inanities of today have been overlooked, either, by Lord Kinross: **THE CENTURY OF THE COMMON PEER** (Putnam, 9s. 6d.) give us all the fun of

the fair of this Better World. We dart to and fro between caprices and institutions, meet Public Faces, drop in on Private Places—there are common pleasures, there are more esoteric ones.

We find the House of Lords (it's quiet up here—"only old lords sleep, and the one who does so occasionally, on the Opposition front bench, has the delicacy to hold a trumpet to his ear, through his dreams") competing as an attraction with an Eisteddfod, a Command Performance, *le Quatorze Juillet*, the last night in the old train, an Elizabethan "do" in Kensington, nudist conventions at Eric's club (ladies carry their handbags and retain earrings), Japanese wrestling near Victoria, and a lecture tour. Nor is this by any means all.

Peter Kneebone's drawings interlock pleasantly with the words. This is high humour, which is also good-humoured. Salutes to Lord Kinross.

★ ★ ★

THREE MEN OUT (Crime Club, Collins, 9s. 6d.) is the latest Rex Stout, featuring Nero Wolfe, up to form in a series of three episodes. Wolfe's colleague, Archie, does not come out of it badly either—when his chief refuses to leave the orchids. Have you ever visited a mathematical wizard, for tips as to probability? If not, you do so, vicariously, in "The Zero Clue," best of these three tales.

The other two stories, "This Won't Kill You" and "Invitation To Murder," deal with a tricky cripple and doped baseball players respectively.

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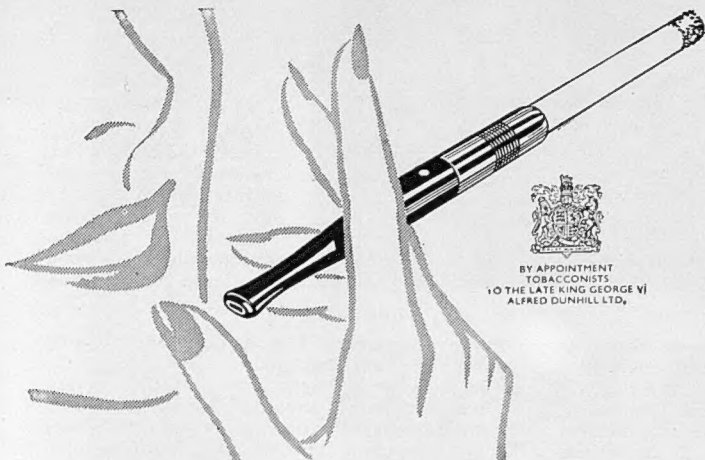

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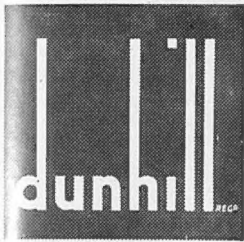




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Motoring

The high road to prestige

ONE of the most encouraging things that has happened in British motoring was Sir Leonard Lord's statement about British Motor Corporation policy towards racing and competition work, made on the eve of the Monte Carlo rally at about the time that the entry of an official M.G. team was announced. We have all heard the view expressed that racing and competition work is a waste of time and of money; we have all heard the example of some of the big American companies held up to show that our own companies ought not to indulge in motor sport. These views, however, take no account of times and seasons.

There have been times, perhaps, when extensive motor sport programmes would have been wasteful. In a sellers' market it might be wrong to devote manpower and machine-power to the building of specialized machines when the demand for ordinary motor-cars exceeds the supply. But when things begin to go the other way, it is time to engage wholeheartedly in competition work. It is not perhaps the only way to maintain interest and prestige, but it is assuredly the best way.

PEOPLE tend to forget that Rolls-Royce—often quoted as a successful firm that "does not race"—created its reputation by racing. I have no doubt that if world conditions and market conditions indicated that a return to racing was desirable, that great company would be there.



The TATLER and Bystander.
JANUARY 26, 1955

MAJOR G. H. ABELL, O.B.E., who has just retired from the general managership of Bristol's car division, is seen with one of the fine automobiles he has done so much to develop

Dr. Llewellyn Smith, now in supreme charge of the motor-car division, would not fail to make such a radical policy change. The moment for such a change for cars in the lower-price field has come, and Sir Leonard Lord has seized the right moment to make it. His decision affects all the British Motor Corporation companies so that, in addition to M.G., we shall see works support for competition entries by Austin, Austin-Healey, Morris, Riley and Wolseley.

There is another point about competition work that must not be overlooked. It is true that some of the biggest American makers take no part in it; but it is equally true that the very British motor-cars which interest American buyers are those with successful competition records. This shows—as I see it—that the policy decision about official participation in racing and competitions is much more complicated than appears at first sight. It is bound up with exports as well as with home market sales, and with world prestige.

As we look over the Monte Carlo results it is perhaps useful to recall last year's event. Italy and France were in the ascendant, but Jaguar and Sunbeam-Talbot (it then retained the double-barrelled name) were in the picture. Those remarkable small cars, the Panhards and the Renaults—all with engines of less than 800 c.c.—have proved their worth on countless occasions and in the 1954 Monte Carlo they did so to notable effect. It was a Renault that was used for the

winning of the Ladies' Cup and also for obtaining the best one-make aggregate.

The team prize, however, was a British victory for Sunbeam-Talbot and if all the official results are run through it will be seen that British entrants did not disappoint. But the French successes do make one wonder whether it would not be advisable for British makers to pay rather more attention to air-cooled engines. They tend to be noisier, but the performances of French air-cooled engines, not only in the Monte Carlo event, but also at Le Mans, suggest that for trustworthiness with good performance, air cooling has many advantages.

RECENTLY the Vauxhall company sent me some particulars of the expansion plans which were originally announced by Mr. H. H. Curtice, President of General Motors Corporation, in September. The objective is to double the company's output (in 1954 the figure was 130,000 Vauxhalls and Bedfords) within the next five years. The floor space will be increased by some 279,000 square metres. At Luton the extension will consist of a single two-storey building adjoining the present factory. It will have a basement store for things like wheels and tyres. The Dunstable factory will also be much enlarged and the upper floor will house a laboratory, inspection headquarters, and workers making spare parts for non-current models.

—Oliver Stewart

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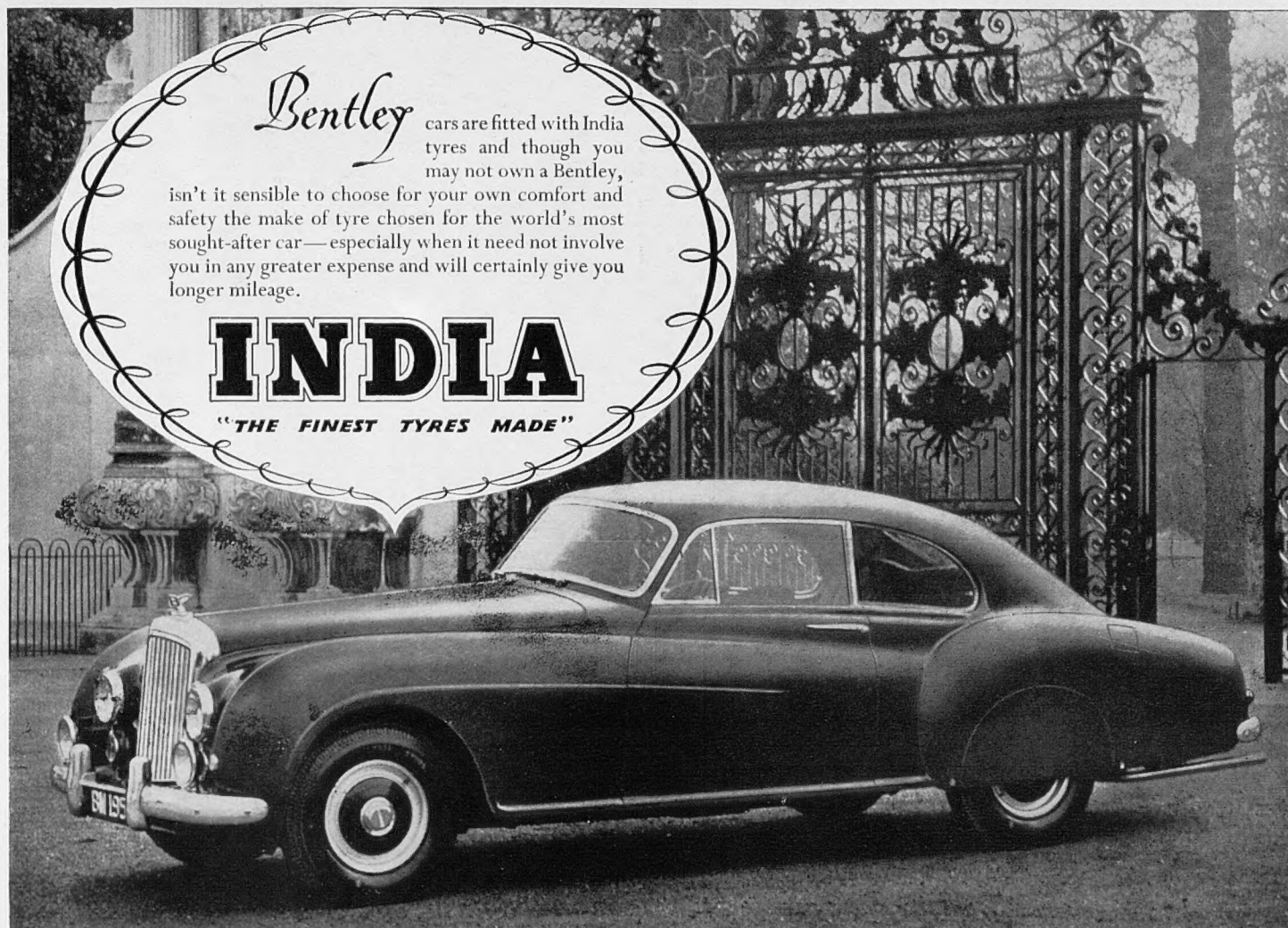
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